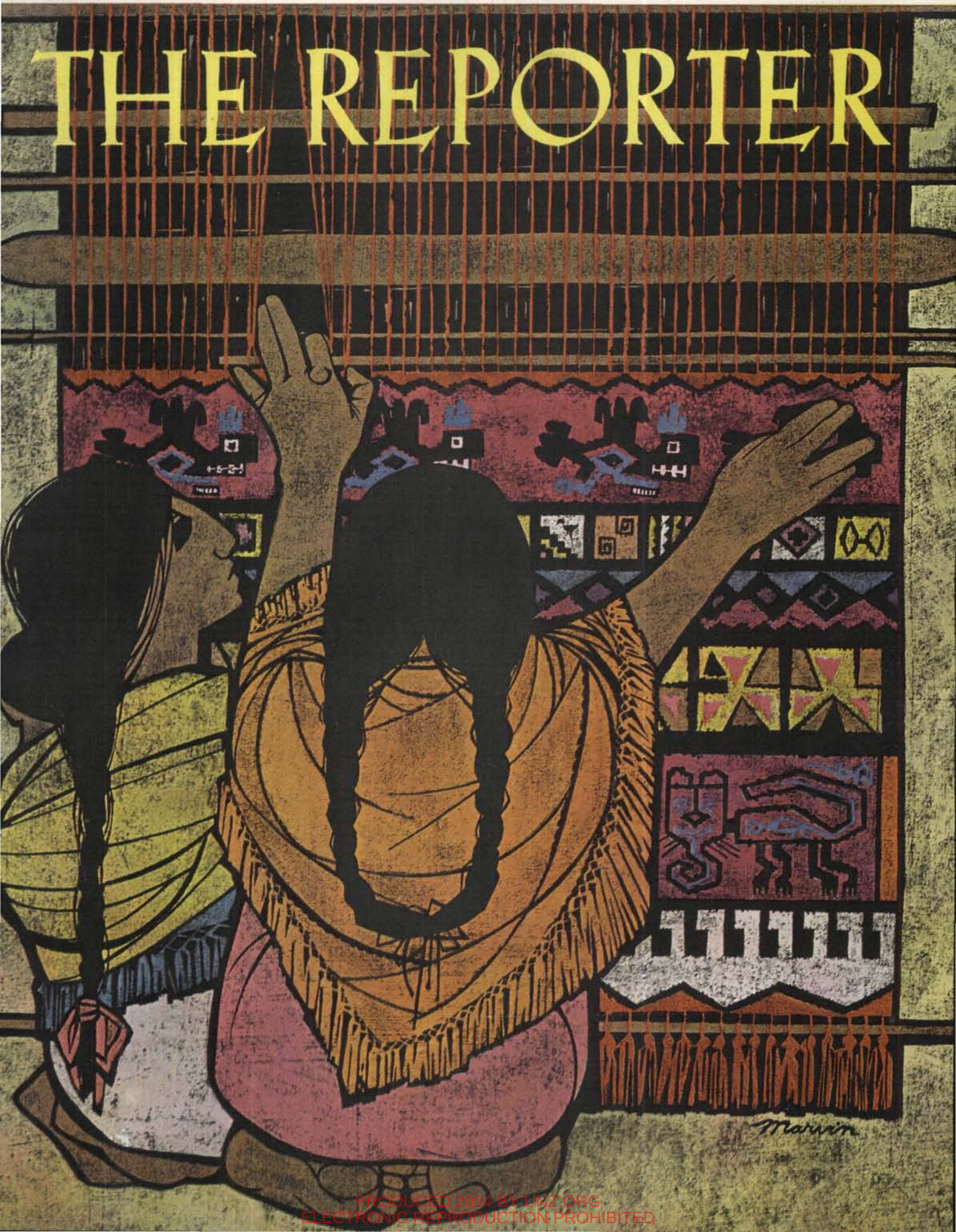
The Displaced Mummy

November 23, 1961 25¢

OUR ROLE IN LATIN AMERICA

THE REPORTER



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

A number of our readers will remember **George Bailey's** "The Disappearing Satellite" (*The Reporter*, March 16), in which he discussed the rapidly dwindling realm of Walter Ulbricht. We asked Mr. Bailey, our Central European correspondent, to take another look at the condition of this sorry country since the Khrushchev-Ulbricht team decided to buttress it by erecting the Wall. His report was such that we were tempted to call it "The Disappearing Satellite—Continued." True, the mass migration has been stopped. But now that what the President has called the "escape hatch" has been closed, the dissatisfaction and restlessness of the East Germans has increased. It has not acquired the character of the mass uprising of 1953, but passive resistance continues, along with individual outbreaks of irrepressible violence. East Germany is the weakest of the satellites, evidence being that the news of further de-Stalinization by the Twenty-second Party Congress—culminating in the removal of Stalin's mummy from the "shrine" it has shared with Lenin—was not officially announced in East Germany until several days after the rest of the world—including the Russian people themselves—had been informed. . . . As to the party congress itself, **Adam Ulam,** who is with the Russian Research Center at Harvard, brings us a detailed analysis of the deliberations in that "parliament" of self-appointed leaders. In one respect, it behaved like a real parliament—its criticisms were both bitter and unrestrained. But all the leaders who were criticized and denounced were either dead or down and out. The whole thing had a weird quality and makes it, to say the least, very questionable whether it is possible to reach any kind of negotiated agreement with the present leaders of the Soviet Union. Perhaps we shall have to wait and see what happens to Khrushchev's mummy. . . . **Irving R. Levine,** an NBC correspondent and the author of *Main Street, U.S.S.R.* (Doubleday), reports on the smallest of the Communist countries, which Khrushchev has been using as a convenient proxy for his attack on the biggest of them.

Latin America has been and still is very much in the news as a new front of Communist aggressiveness. **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** has been an Assistant Secretary of State, ambassador to Brazil, and recently served for five months as head of a task force for President Kennedy. He contributed to the development of some of our Latin-American policies, particularly the Alliance for Progress, which are still vigorously pursued by the Kennedy administration. It has been said that there is little we can do to save our Latin-American neighbors in the event of Communist infiltration and aggression because our hands are tied by the treaties we have signed. Mr. Berle disagrees. His opinions, stated here, are based on a lecture he gave on October 23 at the University of Connecticut. . . . **William L. Rivers,** a former member of our staff, now lives in Texas. . . . **Peregrine Worsthorne,** a correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, gives an Englishman's views on the diversity of views between ourselves and the British on the Berlin crisis. . . . **Russell Warren Howe,** a correspondent in Africa for a group of American, British, and Indian publications, sends a description of the inglorious army of General Mobutu.

Nat Hentoff is the author of *The Jazz Life* (Dial). . . . **Gerald Weales's** most recent book is *Religion in Modern English Drama* (University of Pennsylvania Press). . . . **Fred Grunfeld,** until lately a consultant to record companies and an independent producer of classical LP's in New York, now lives away from it all in Mallorca. . . . **Martin Greenberg** edited *The Marquise of O— and Other Stories*, by Heinrich von Kleist (Criterion). . . . **Sidney Alexander** lives in Italy, where he is finishing the second volume of *Michelangelo the Florentine*, which will be published by Random House. . . . **Louis M. Lyons** is curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard.

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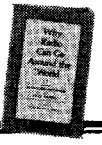

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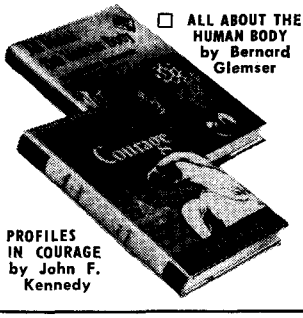

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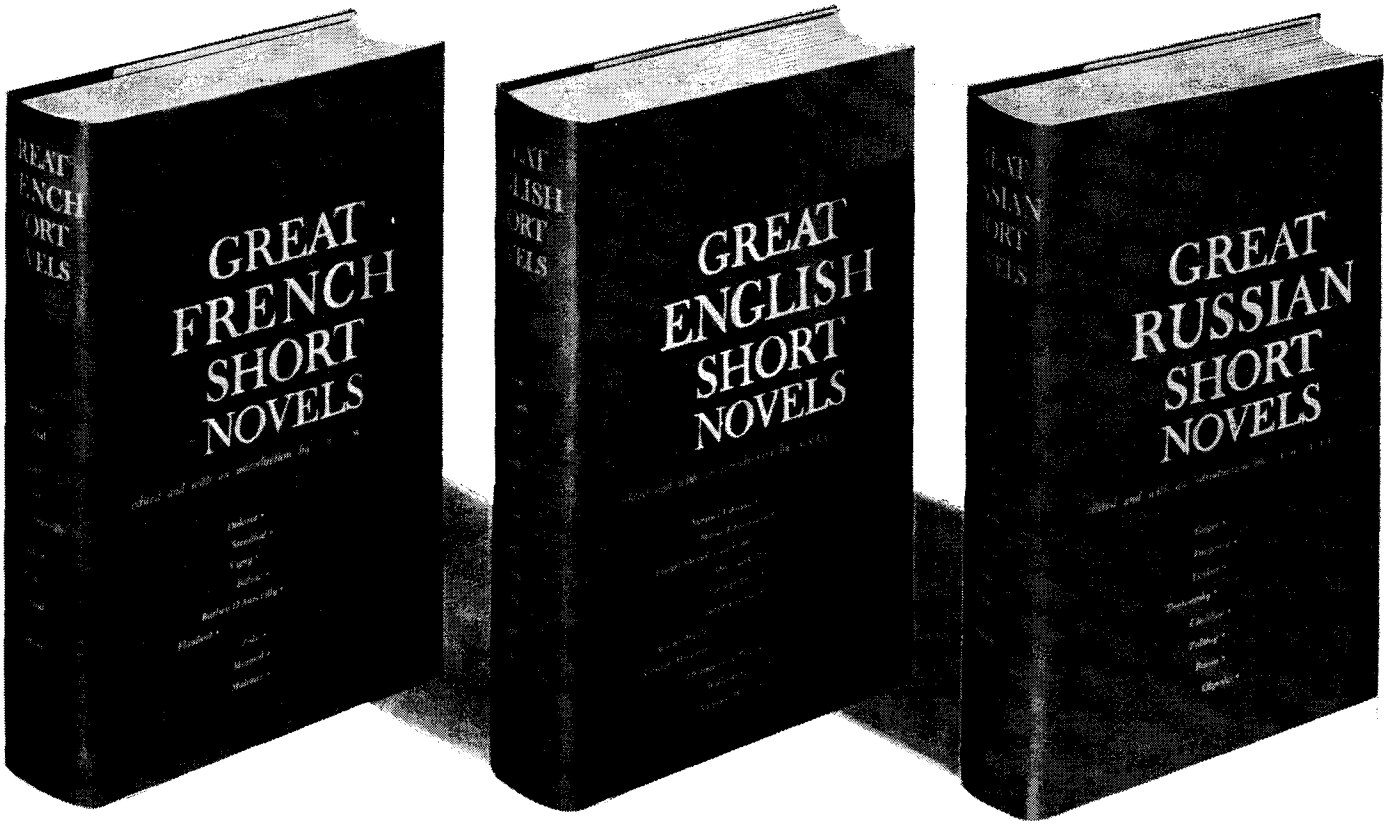

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THE U.N.'s FUTURE

To the Editor: Thank you for your superb editorial "The Future of the U.N." (*The Reporter,* October 26). It was refreshing to hear some common sense among all the slush now being talked.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Please accept my congratulations on your editorial dealing with the relationship of the U.N. and the United States, and my thanks for publishing Mr. Hammarskjöld's letter commenting on the same problem.

Let me point out, however, that when you speak of our government's rather naive tendency to rely on the U.N. in matters of foreign policy, you are diagnosing the symptoms rather than the causes of this chronic malady. Rampant throughout the nation and personified in the government there is a juvenile desire to please everybody which, coupled with a sanctimonious, holier-than-thou-at-all-costs attitude toward the Soviet bloc, amounts to a collective and individual avoidance of the very responsibility inherent in any position of leadership—the responsibility of making and adhering to unpopular decisions. I do not imply that we should abandon in our political life the principles of order and decency dictated by conscience, but merely that we should grow up politically and intellectually, and above all, that we should start dealing in realities and not in illusions. A need for foresight within the limits of possibility and for lucid thought devoid of wishful thinking is also strongly indicated.

It is both tragic and ironic, but perhaps, now that the intelligence, clarity, great courage, and devotion of Dag Hammarskjöld are denied to us, we may be shocked into the assumption of our duties in this respect. I sincerely hope so.

Possibly I am too harsh in this judgment, but in these days of our madness the Secretary-General was a cool light of sanity, and while I cry for Dag Hammarksjöld the man, I am angered by the needlessness of his sacrifice.

ALENA ELBL
West Hyattsville, Maryland

MONEY AND OUR CITIES

To the Editor: Jane Jacobs's "How Money Can Make or Break Our Cities," (*The Reporter,* October 12) will result in her being a prime target for attack by big-money real estate's respectable front, the city planning profession and their fellow travelers. The fact that the findings in her article are true will intensify the opposition.

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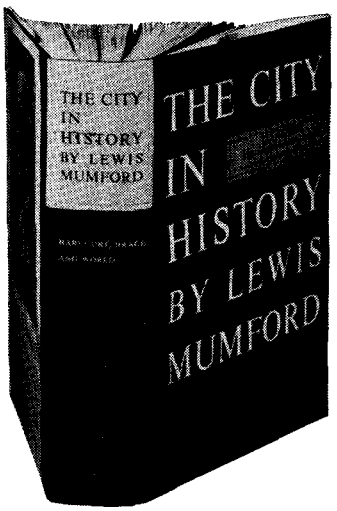

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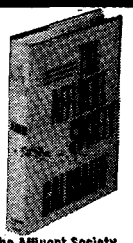

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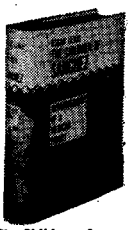

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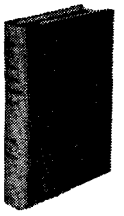

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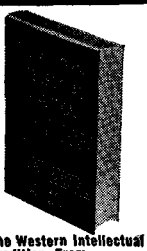

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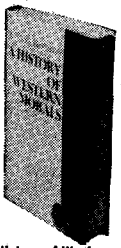

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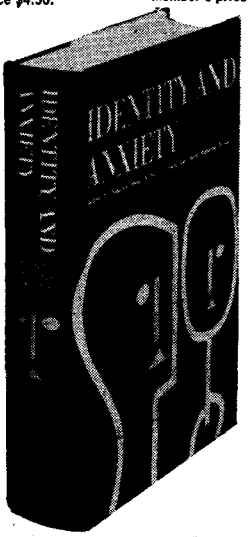

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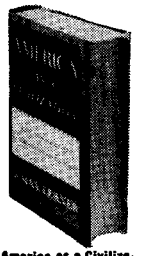

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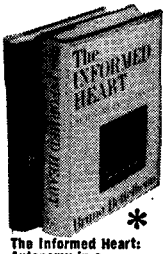

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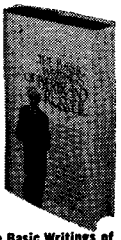

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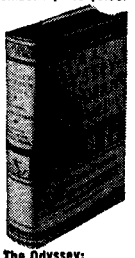

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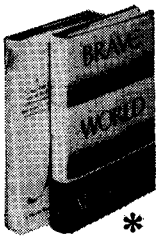

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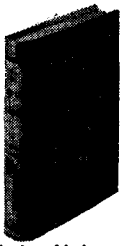

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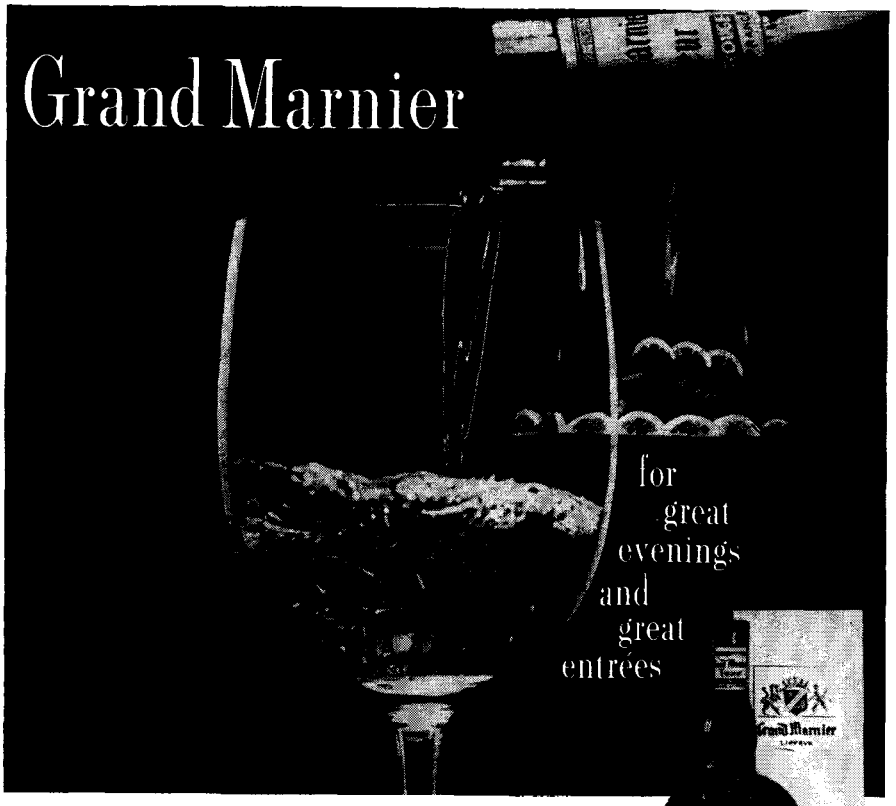

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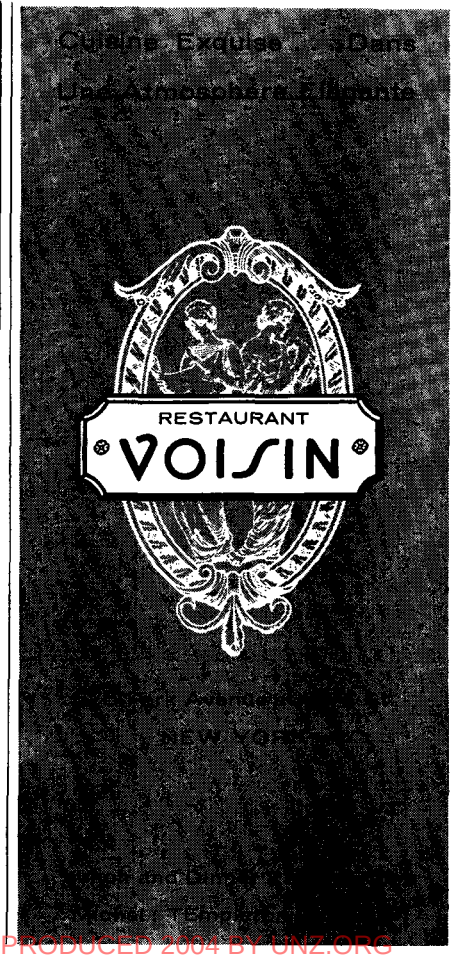

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hucksters for the modern big-city land grabbers are the city planners. With slogans like "Slum Eradication" and "Make Way for Progress," hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of the choicest big-city real estate has been handed over at discount-house prices to our latter day Goulds, Fisks, and Hills. The practices of these new economic barons are resulting in the severest economic segregation and the constant relocation of the low-income groups from slum to slum, ever closer to the city's garbage dumps. Since the low-income groups are primarily Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Mexican Americans, they are intensifying and shoring up the ghettos. They are doing to the cities what the nineteenth-century railroadmen did to the forests and topsoil of the West.

In fact, as Jane Jacobs shows, city planning is a profession lost in a fog. Neither the plans nor the predictions of the planners have worked out. The cases of success in the face of slum and blight in her article show that intelligent citizens are much more competent at solving their own problems than professional experts are at solving other people's.

There is a place for good planning, which I take to be reasoned change and wise foresight. It understands that in a democracy professional judgments do not shape public policy. It does not claim ludicrously pretentious, all-knowing ability to plan human life.

SAUL D. ALINSKY
Chicago

To the Editor: Lenders do not "blacklist" neighborhoods because city planners have hinted to them that they should. They do not "blacklist" neighborhoods at all. They simply take a hard look at property on which they have been asked to make a loan and assess the probable future of the neighborhood to decide whether their loan will be safe there or not. It is indeed true that many declining neighborhoods have suffered a decline in availability of mortgage funds because the risk of further decline appeared to lending officers too great. Planners and renewal specialists neither applaud nor encourage this process. Indeed, the Housing Act of 1954 has enabled us to institute programs whose sole purpose is to reverse the mortgage strangulation of declining neighborhoods by assuring lenders of the safety of their loans for rehabilitation and other improvements. This is done by commitment by the city to an urban-renewal plan, and collateral availability of Federal mortgage insurance, which together are designed to encourage new loans in the area under discussion. That this indeed operates is proven by the fact that three savings banks in the area surrounding the City of New York's rehabilitation pilot project on Manhattan's upper West Side have earmarked a mortgage pool of $2 million to make loans in the pilot project, and have

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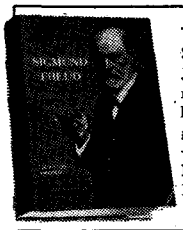

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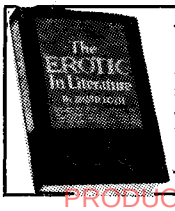

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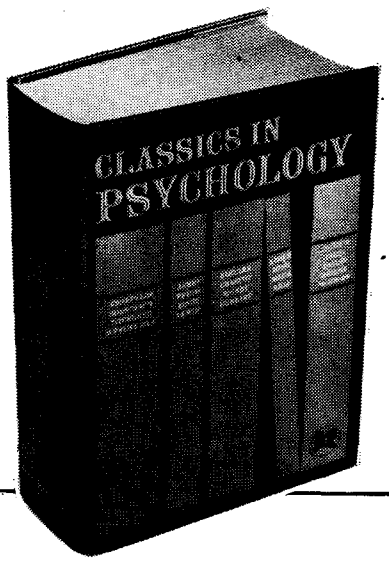

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promised to extend this pool to our entire twenty-block West Side Urban Renewal Area *when the project is finally approved and in action.*

In short, sound planning and urban renewal bring new infusions of mortgage moneys to declining neighborhoods. They do not, as Mrs. Jacobs says, cut such funds off.

J. CLARENCE DAVIES, JR., Chairman
Housing and Redevelopment Board
New York City

To the Editor: Jane Jacobs's article brought into sharp focus one of the most vexing problems in our cities.

It is our fond hope that some of the provisions of the new legislation, particularly Sections 220 (h), 203 (k), and 221 (d) (3), will encourage the flow of mortgage money into areas of serious need.

C. FRANKLIN DANIELS
Assistant Commissioner
Multifamily Housing Operations
Federal Housing Administration
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Jane Jacobs's article identifies credit blacklisting, allegedly inspired by the city-planning theories of the 1930's, as a major cause for the development and maintenance of slum areas. Indeed, at times, she implies that these two villains are the causes of slums and blight.

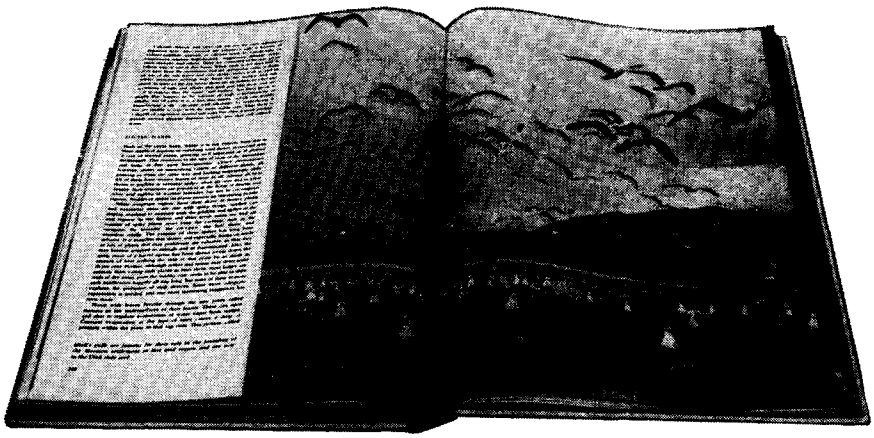
I am sure that Mrs. Jacobs would be the first to agree that the evolution of our cities is a complex phenomenon occasioned by a multiplicity of causes and that when they are viewed in total, each one contributes to and is affected by the other.

What really disturbs me about Mrs. Jacobs's treatment, however, is her failure to list the complete sources of credit now available to deal with this problem. She speaks of the Federal government's participation in terms of Title I redevelopment activites, which are designed to demolish total areas and redevelop them completely. This ignores one of the principal features of the comprehensive Housing Act of 1961, which adds another and a most important tool, mortgage insurance under FHA for long-term rehabilitation loans of sufficient magnitude to revitalize many existing properties.

This provision, facilitated as it is by other features of the new legislation, should provide funds for revitalization of large areas. One of the reasons that this will be possible is that such loans when used in connection with a total neighborhood conservation and renewal plan will go far to break the jam which now exists in financing proposals of this type.

We in the Housing and Home Finance Agency, and in FHA in particular, are now attempting to translate these legislative provisions into workable procedures which will meet the issue.

ROBERT C. WEAVER, Administrator
Housing and Home Finance Agency
Washington, D.C.



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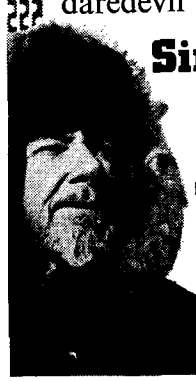

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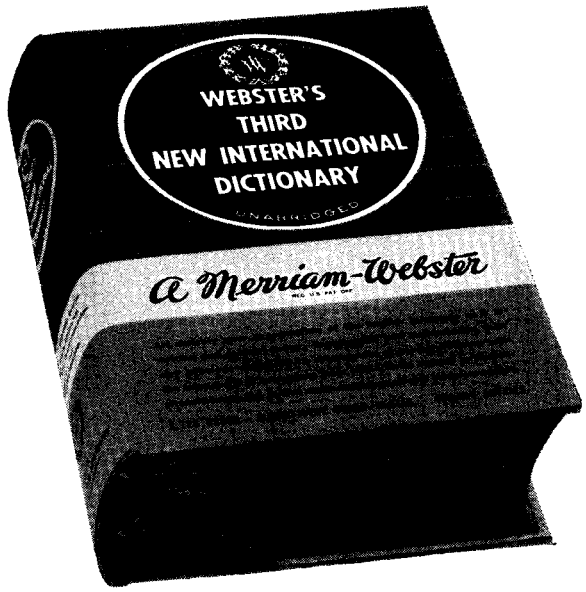

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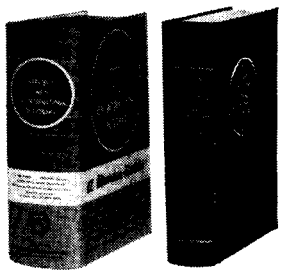

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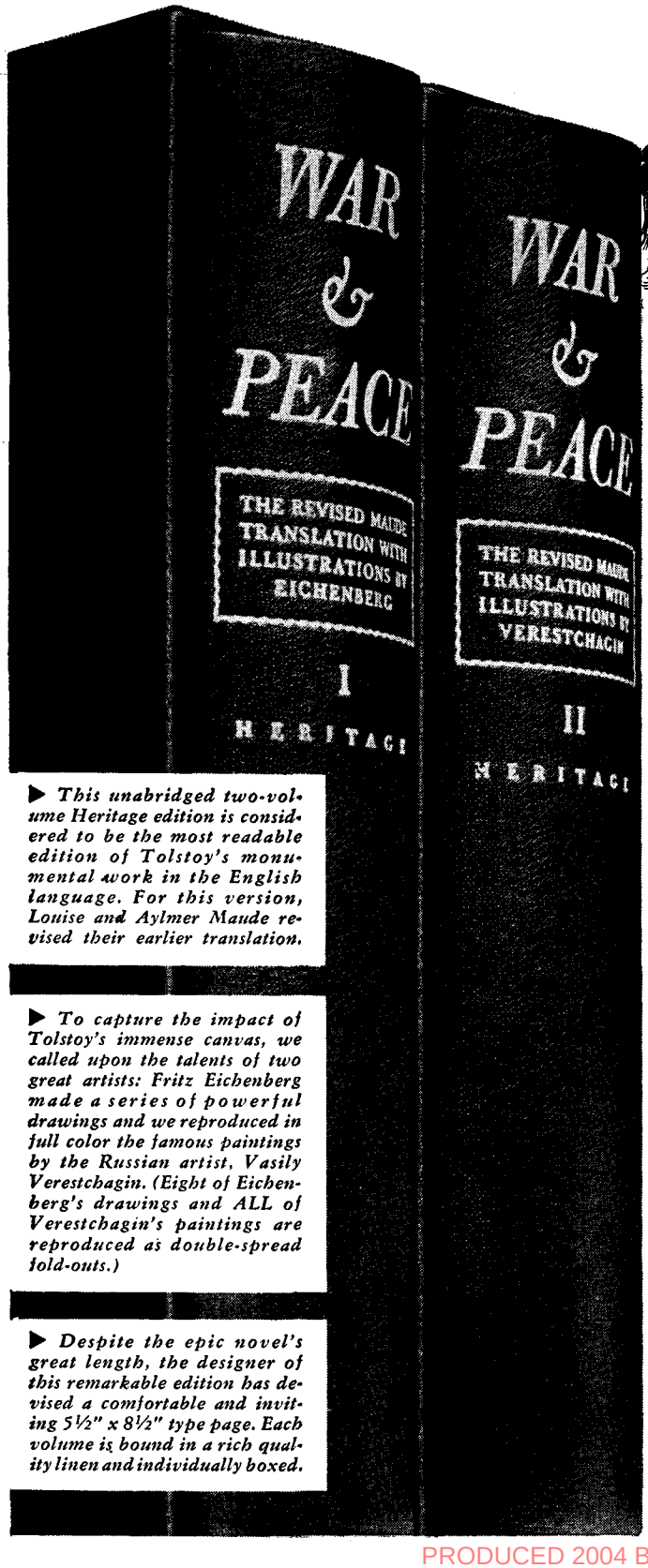

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Somewhat Personal

My last editorials, since the one on the Berlin Wall, have made a number of people ask, in letters or in printed comment: "What has happened to you? You used to be a liberal. Now you have turned into a toughie, a right-winger, a reactionary." I am puzzled. Some of these words are not so terrible, for after all, one is always somebody's right-winger or reactionary. But when I hear that I have "changed," then I must reach the conclusion that in the opinion of some people, I have become my former self's right-winger.

It should not be difficult to judge if, and in what measure, this has happened, since most of what I think has been printed here in *The Reporter*. Moreover, my critics clearly recognize the object of my regrettable change of mind: Berlin, of course, and our relations with Russia. I am still enough of a liberal to give those who criticize me the benefit of the doubt—and as my contribution to the discussion of my own case, I would like to quote some of what I have written on the subject back in the days when I was still a liberal in good standing.

In an editorial called "No Retreat from Berlin," which appeared in the issue of December 11, 1958, immediately after Khrushchev made his Thanksgiving threat on Berlin, I wrote: "It is not pleasant for Khrushchev to have a free Berlin in the midst of a country he rules. The sight of freedom is not particularly educational for the Soviet troops and agents stationed in the eastern part of the city. It is a tragedy for Germany to remain dismembered, but it would be an even greater tragedy if East Germany ceased to be Communism's open wound that free Berlin keeps purulent. This Khrushchev cannot stand, and he said it. In another respect Khrushchev is not wrong. We have been accustomed to think of Communism in terms of war, as if we could kill it, or in terms of peace, as if we could live with it, and we are inclined to forget that a political order usually dies by committing suicide. At present, Khrushchev has high hopes for us. We have high hopes for Communism, particularly now that it has entered into what is purported to be its final stretch leading into the withering away of the state. We stop here and refuse to follow Khrushchev in his grisly Marxist metaphors about grave digging, burial, and the like. The most we can say is that when its time is up, Communism may just as well remain unburied."

Two and a half years later, in the issue of July 20, 1961, I wrote: "What makes Khrushchev so hurried is the stinking rottenness of East Germany, a rottenness made ever more irreparable and irrefutable by the very existence of West Berlin. The freakish situation of that city, created by the casual haste of our wartime leaders, has led to the most compelling reality of our times. Freedom . . . is much talked about. But in Berlin freedom is a fact. That fact, that escape hatch, holds the hope of life not only for the people of East Germany but for all the Europeans under Communist rule, including the Russians. The more than four million who have escaped from East Germany are only an evidence of what happens when men under Communism have a chance. In the coming months, we must be guided by the thought that whatever we do will be not only for our own survival but for the people on the other side. We have some hard, hard months ahead. What until now we all considered unthinkable—the prospect of that war—has to be thought through. This does not mean to wish for that horror. No one can have the arrogance of promoting it, nor of ruling it out. Of course there will be and must be ne-

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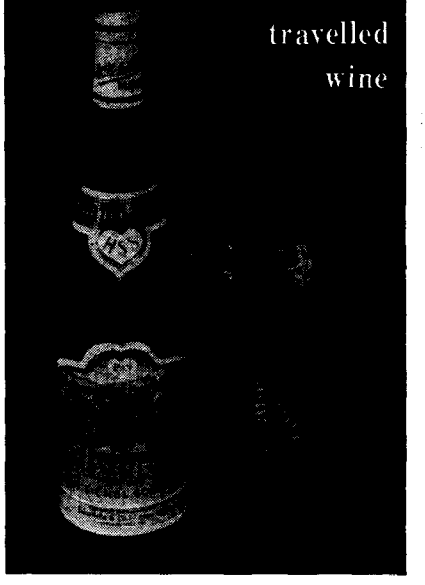

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gotiations. But there is so little that is negotiable."

After the Wall, even less was left that was negotiable about Berlin, for the Communists unilaterally took nearly all they could possibly have gained from negotiations. And yet after the Wall, negotiation-mongering in our midst started with unabated fury. We should have negotiations around the clock, as in the New York milk strike, it has been said in criticism of one of my editorials. The idea seems to be that the only alternative to total nuclear war is total negotiations. Yet the President has warned us to beware of words like "war, peace, democracy," and "popular will," to which "the Soviets . . . give wholly different meanings." Dean Rusk, a very sober man, had this to say: "the normally attractive word 'negotiation' is used [by the Russians] as a weapon, for the only subjects to be negotiated are further concessions to Communist appetite."

Since the Wall, I have kept hammering—with greater urgency, to be sure—on the same ideas about Berlin, the Russians, and negotiations. But as long as these were general ideas, nobody seemed to mind. When events made them relevant to a tragic reality, I was told that I had moved to the right of my former position.

TO BE HONEST, I really don't care. They can call me what they please. I have been a liberal all my life. I know that political freedom is a very difficult thing to organize and make operational, but I know that it can be done. It has been done in this country, of which I am proud to have become a citizen. But I do feel that my own freedom is both curtailed and endangered by the slavery of peoples in foreign lands. That is why I am so greatly concerned for the East Germans, whose slavery is being made even more abject in these very days.

I have said it over and over again since I founded this magazine: We cannot have war with the Russians, and we cannot have peace. Because I am a liberal, I believe that mankind will free itself from this stranglehold. Does that make me a warmonger? Should I dismiss as election oratory what the President once said, that the world cannot remain half slave and half free? Must we become reconciled to the perennial slavery of the other half?

I like to assume that the people who have criticized me, or whom I have criticized, would never go that far. —MAX ASCOLI

Electoral Tea Leaves

President Kennedy was surely right when he remarked at his press conference that if the Republicans had made a better showing in the recent local and state elections, "... it would have been interpreted as a stunning setback for this Administration." Quite prudently, he was a good deal less emphatic about defining the national significance of Democratic victories in Texas, where the election of Henry B. Gonzalez to Congress may or may not mean that the development of a genuine two-party system in that state has been slowed down; in New Jersey, where the election of Richard J. Hughes as Governor may or may not mean that liberal Republicans like his opponent, James P. Mitchell, are out of favor with the voters; and in New York City, where the re-election of

STALIN, VOROSHILOV, ETC.

When a body meets a body
Coming through the Square,
Someone that was in is out
And someone here is there.

When a body meets a body
Whether quick or dead,
Someone that was up is down
And nobody's ahead.

—SEC

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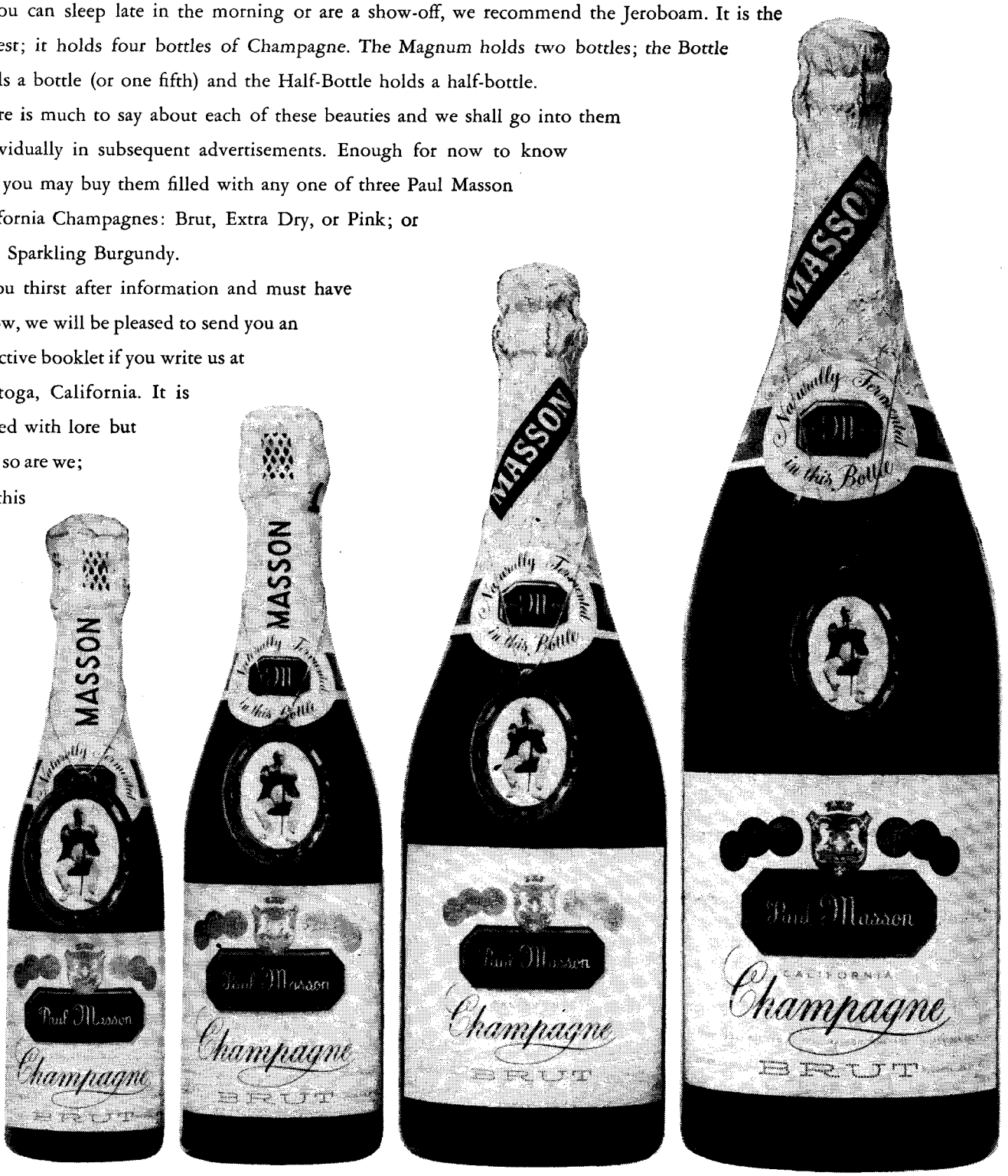
TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT! IN FOUR CONVENIENT SIZES

While all celebratable occasions are equal in our eyes, some are more equal than others and we have bottled accordingly.

If you can sleep late in the morning or are a show-off, we recommend the Jeroboam. It is the largest; it holds four bottles of Champagne. The Magnum holds two bottles; the Bottle holds a bottle (or one fifth) and the Half-Bottle holds a half-bottle.

There is much to say about each of these beauties and we shall go into them individually in subsequent advertisements. Enough for now to know that you may buy them filled with any one of three Paul Masson California Champagnes: Brut, Extra Dry, or Pink; or with Sparkling Burgundy.

If you thirst after information and must have it now, we will be pleased to send you an attractive booklet if you write us at Saratoga, California. It is loaded with lore but then so are we; 109 this year.



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A lively look at reformers in 20 American cities ...and how they've influenced big-city politics out of all proportion to their number.

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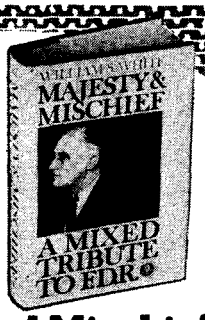
A veteran Washington reporter looks at F.D.R. and sees a surprising combination of



Majesty and Mischief
A MIXED TRIBUTE TO F. D. R.
By WILLIAM S. WHITE
$4.50 now at your bookstore McGRAW-HILL

Mayor Robert F. Wagner, rising with feathers unruffled from the funeral ashes of his former friends, may or may not mean that Governor Rockefeller is in for trouble in 1962.

In each of these cases, the voters were presented with something less inspiring than a clearly defined choice on even the local issues that concern them, let alone questions of national import such as the effectiveness of President Kennedy's leadership or the most marketable "image" a party might adopt for next year's Congressional elections. But though the voters may actually have been saying very little—and saying it with a snarl at that—politicians are quick to pick up hints about what they must do to please those upon whose good opinion they depend: In politics, duty is in the eye of the beholden, and although the results of the recent elections may indicate very little in themselves, much may be learned from a study of what the politicians *think* they mean.

What, then, have been the reactions of our leaders? Taking the long view, Harry Truman feels "It's a good indication that the Democratic program had been accepted." Now all we need to know is what the Democratic program is. On page 34 of this issue, William L. Rivers presents a report on how that program shapes up in San Antonio, and at present it seems to resemble nothing so much as a sigh of relief. The Democrats in New York and New Jersey are somewhat more sanguine about their prospects, and the Republicans are correspondingly anxious. With more and more pressure building up on the Right, the defeat of "modern Republican" candidates like Mitchell and Lefkowitz has been interpreted as a timely warning to the section of the party that supported them most vigorously under the leadership of Senator Clifford Case and Governor Rockefeller.

The handwriting on the wall has been seen by, among others, the editors of the *Wall Street Journal*, who have announced that "In a contest between Democrats and pseudo-Democrats, the authentic Democrats are likely to win." It is not yet clear how the Republican Party as a whole will act upon this advice, and it seems certain that the entrails of a few more pigeons will be examined before any crown is placed upon the brow of Barry Goldwater. But in the same issue of the *Wall Street Journal* that contained the words of the editorial oracles cited above, it was reported that Governor Rockefeller himself has at least heard the message. The gist of a long article by Alan L. Otten, who had obviously exchanged words with several of the Governor's close advisers, was accurately presented in the headline, which read in part: "Rocky and the Right; Governor Stresses His Conservative Side as He Seeks GOP '64 Nod." For the salvation of such a prominent sinner, there would surely be much joy in Newburgh.

Of course, even in victory the Democrats are not without their problems. The vaunted revivification of the Democratic Party here in New York has not been accompanied by the emergence of candidates notable for charisma, and next year opponents must be found for two of the most formidable Republican campaigners in the country. Unless Herbert Lehman and Mrs. Roosevelt can be pressed into service when Governor Rockefeller and Senator Javits come up for re-election, it looks as if "Fighting Bob" Wagner will have to run against both of them at once.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE, BUT . . .

Oh, what a rumpus in the nation
On Federal aid to education!
While youth in ever mounting masses
Are herded into crowded classes,
Good parents stoutly cry resistance
To any government assistance—
And yet applaud when money's found
To bury children underground.

—SEC

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ESCAPE TO EXOTIC HIDEAWAY ISLANDS

as a member of this exclusive club

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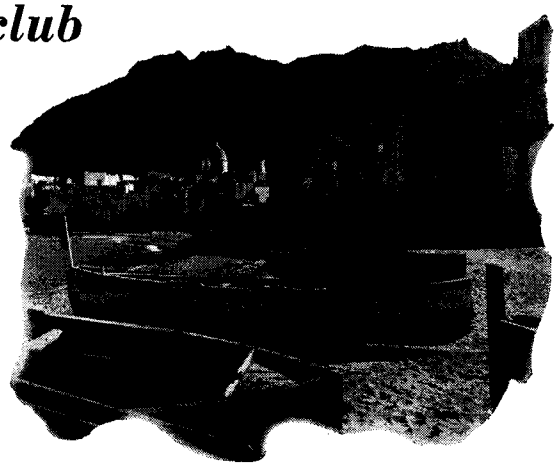

THAT'S author Shirley Elizabeth Warren, reporting on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club*. Ischia—one of hundreds of unspoiled and little-known ports offering a unique attraction for the resort-weary.

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- ...amusements, activities, night life
- ...transportation, lodging, political climate

In short, there's all the information the vacationer, retired person or businessman will need. Information not to be found in any other source.

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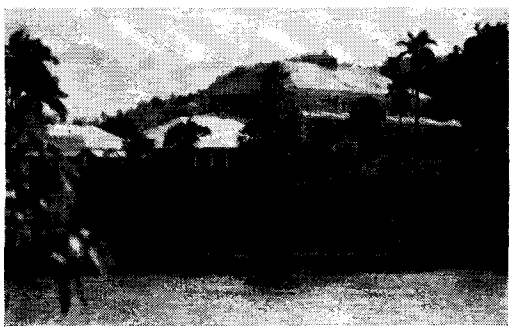

The first of several clubhouses exclusively for *Islands in the Sun Club* members is now open. Located in The Jamaica Reef Hotel—formerly owned by Errol Flynn—in Port Antonio, Jamaica. Members and their families enjoy 10% discount on all services—spacious rooms, superb food, excellent bar, both salt and fresh pools, deep-sea fishing, sailing, water skiing, riding. Other clubhouses about to be opened in the Bahamas, St. Lucia and Sardinia. Admittance by membership card only.

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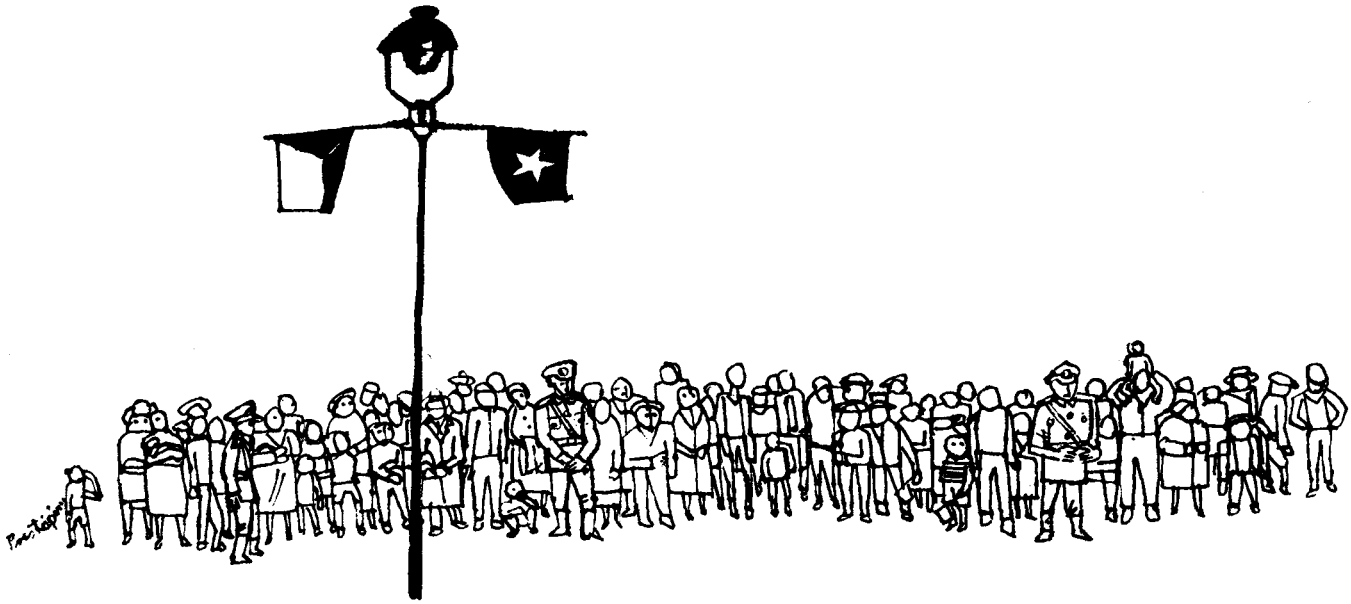

The Other Side of the Wall

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

ON AUGUST 13 the East German régime conducted a *Flucht nach Vorn*—a forward retreat, seeking refuge from its hopeless situation by going over to the attack. The success of the action itself—the military annexation of East Berlin, the imposition of martial law on East Germany—was intoxicating to the party faithful. After ten years of frustration, they were exhilarated by this return to the true revolutionary way of doing things.

This was not merely an emotional triumph. In many respects the party had always operated in a vacuum: it could pass resolutions but could not compel obedience because it had no effective way of imposing its will on the people. On August 13, the connection between the party and the people was established by force. The party no longer needed to ask or cajole; it could command. At long last the major obstacle to its progress—East German access to West Berlin—was eliminated at one blow.

The régime tried hard to impart its own sense of exhilaration to the people. To keep up the momentum developed on the great day, it instituted an all-out industrial production drive, enforced voluntary norm increases, and canvassed high schools, apprentice shops, and the Free German Youth Organization for signatures to a declaration of readiness to enter the People's Army. Where apathy or resistance was met, conformity was achieved by the jack boot or the rubber truncheon.

In the three months that have passed since the great day, the euphoria has faded and the party finds itself confronted by a situation radically worse than the one it set out so rashly to cure. In the first place, the people's reaction to August 13 was the exact opposite of the party's. The great majority of East Germans, and particularly the East Berliners, were plunged into despair by the very success of the seal-off.

If the action linked the people physically to the party's chain of command, it only widened the psychological gap. For this reason, the production drive has proved a complete failure, and the norm increases have fallen still further behind wage increases. Total production so far this year has fallen off 7.7 per cent in comparison with the same period in 1960. This has crippled the export drive, resulting in an even greater inability to deliver products (of almost uniformly poor quality) on time. Worst of all, the chronic shortages in agricultural produce have multiplied.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE to the régime is particularly widespread among factory workers, who have not only failed to respond to the production drive but are deliberately loafing at the workbench. There is a similar situation in agriculture, where the problems of a bad crop were aggravated by a late harvest—this despite the fact that the régime forced whole sections of the population to help gather it in. But by far the greatest

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obstacle to an adequate and regular supply of agricultural produce is food hoarding, always common in East Germany and rampant since August 13. Within a few hours after the sealing off of East Berlin, it began to reach panic proportions. The run on foodstuffs such as pork, flour, coffee, cocoa, spices, and, since the harvest, potatoes has been tremendous. Furthermore, hoarding has extended to dry goods—sheets, towels, curtains, and staple cloth—and hardware, shoes, jewelry, and radios. This sudden ransacking of stocks by panic-stricken buyers would present a problem even in a normal market economy. In East Germany, whose economy has been characterized by unfulfilled plans, it is a measure of popular distrust. There is not the slightest prospect of breaking this circle, which was rendered more vicious when the government virtually stopped importing agricultural produce early this year.

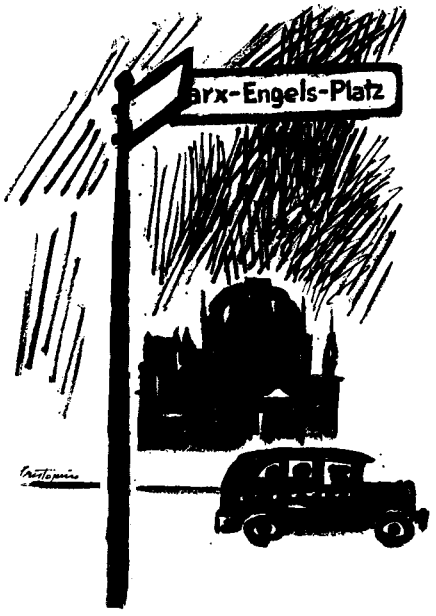
The régime has tried in vain to correct the situation by imposing stiff prison sentences (up to three years) for hoarding. Early this month, after the failure of both potato crop and harvest, some regional governments declared two potatoless days a week for an indefinite period. (The basic crisis in East German agriculture is a chronic shortage of fodder, causing a steady diminution of livestock over the past years. Potatoes are withheld from compulsory delivery by farmers who store them to feed pigs and cattle.)

Hoarding of dry goods and hardware is due to a pervasive fear of war since mid-August, specifically a fear that stocks will be confiscated by the armed forces. A call to the colors issued to the Free German Youth Organization in late August reinforced the popular conviction that war is inevitable and imminent. On November 5, the East German textile, clothing, and leather union admitted that increased production for the People's Army was being made at the expense of supplies for civilians. The hoarders were right.

Resistance in East Germany since August 13 has been unorganized and bitterly passive, but punctuated by individual episodes of defiance. Officials, soldiers, and police are frequently insulted in public, and this often involves face slapping and at times thorough drubbings. But defiance is furiously penalized: a twenty-year-old metalworker was recently sentenced to three years for pulling off a policeman's hat and stamping on it. On September 20, twenty twelfth-grade boys turned up in high school at Anklam, Pomerania, dressed entirely in black. When asked why, they replied, "We are in mourning for our future." The entire class was suspended, all the teachers in the school were dismissed, and the local party organization was decimated by administrative action. Finally, the demonstration was officially branded "a counterrevolutionary act."

The Young Are Not Fooled

It is the young people of East Germany who pose the most troublesome problem to party officialdom. Party



functionaries, most of whom are themselves over fifty, have no illusions about the majority of the population over fifty years of age. They write them off as incorrigible. But they do try to cherish their illusions about the country's youth. Unhappily for them, the core of East German resistance to the régime is precisely among the young. Over the past sixteen years, half of all the refugees from East to West Germany have been under twenty-five. Following the seal-off, the greater part of all forms of resistance has been carried on by young people.

All in all, the record of sabotage and sporadic acts of violence in the last three months is impressive. "A great many of us over here," said an East Berliner to me not long ago, "are sick with suppressed fury. This is a serious disease and getting worse." He went on to intimate that an explosion was inevitable and not far off. But the situation is critical enough already. The most prevalent form of sabotage is arson. Barnburning in particular has become common throughout East Germany. In the last three months there have been six documented cases of barns burned to the ground in the Cottbus area alone.

In early September, five youngsters between the ages of sixteen and eighteen—according to the East German newspaper, *Maerkische Volksstimme,* they were high-school students and apprentices—were arrested for unspecified "acts of violence against the state." The functionaries' unbridled wrath as well as the degree of violence done or intended can be seen in the sentences imposed. Two of the youngsters were sentenced to life imprisonment, and the others drew from six to fifteen years.

The East German authorities are also plagued by an epidemic of swastika daubings since August. The East Germans themselves offer two explanations for this phenomenon. One is a syllogism: Ulbricht is bad, Ulbricht openly denounces Hitler, ergo Hitler must have been good. In any case, smearing swastikas on buildings demonstrably makes Ulbricht very angry, and that is good. A more cogent explanation is that swastikas are intended as the proper identifying mark of the Ulbricht régime itself. "Ulbricht even looks like Himmler!" exclaimed a middle-aged East German recently, "and he has done what Himmler only dreamed of—put the entire population into a concentration camp. We are cut off, completely isolated. Oh, the West is interested in Berlin, of course: the Wall is a spectacular thing. But what about East Germany? They have forgotten us entirely. Of course we receive food packages from West Germany—just as concentration-camp inmates used to receive packages in the Nazi Reich. And Ulbricht tells us, just as Himmler told the in-

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mates—it was written in huge letters over the gates of most concentration camps—'Hard Work Will Make You Free.'" In fact, the battle cry of the party in the current all-out production drive is a refinement: "More Work in the Same Hours for the Same Pay."

New Rules for a Lost Game

Ulbricht has done his best to insulate East Germany from the West—and when necessary, from the East as well. This is particularly true of all communications media. He has just stopped shipment to the West of all East German provincial newspapers. Since August 13 the régime has conducted an intensive campaign, backed by summary court action, against listening to western radio broadcasts or viewing western television programs. All schoolchildren are cajoled to sign a published pledge to the same effect.

For sixteen years, East Germany has been forced to face open competition with the West—a situation to which no other Communist régime has been exposed. The attempt was doomed to failure. It is still doomed to failure, even now that Ulbricht has tried to change the rules of the competition, unless he succeeds in keeping his sixteen million inmates in their isolation ward for an indefinite period.

He is not doing very well. By November 2, the American-sponsored radio in Berlin, RIAS, had broadcast interviews with the equivalent of one entire company (ninety-one men) of the People's Police who had defected from their guard posts along the sector boundary in Berlin since August 13. To date approximately three companies have defected in Berlin alone.

It required only a few dextrous stratagems by General Lucius Clay to force the Soviets into an open demonstration of the immediate dependence of the East German régime on Soviet armed might rather than on the so-called People's Army. The presence of American heavy tanks at the sector boundary in the Friedrichstrasse brought Soviet tanks lumbering up to confront them in just four days' time. Although attempts were made to conceal the markings on the Soviet tanks, less than a week later *Neues Deutschland,* the official organ of the East German Communist Central Committee, acknowledged the Soviet intervention. The purpose of the acknowledgment was to remind East Berliners and East Germans of the Soviet military presence. Ulbricht achieved the same effect when he informed his troops on August 13 that Soviet tanks were standing by to "help" them in case of need.

Ultimately, whatever chance of success remains to the Ulbricht régime depends on the performance of the West in its confrontations with the Soviet Union in Germany. The greatest blow to the East German people was not the construction of the Wall through Berlin by the Communists but the passive acceptance of the Wall by the West. "Basically," said a resident of Berlin to me a few days ago, "the United States is a neutral country." If this assertion is borne out by American

inaction during the next few months, if the West passively accepts Ulbricht, it is still extremely doubtful that the East Germans will do so. If they feel that they are being abandoned, it is likely that some form of mass violence will break out in East Germany within a year.

WHILE the anti-Stalinist revelations of the Twenty-second Soviet Party Congress reverberated around the world, the East German press published not one word. For one full week a grotesque situation obtained in which the régime boycotted in its own press not only western but Communist information centers as well. The ludicrousness of the situation was emphasized by the fact that Soviet newspapers, carrying copious accounts of the anti-Stalinist campaign and the removal of Stalin's remains from the mausoleum, were on sale as always in East Berlin and East Germany. Since the study of Russian is compulsory in East German schools, most of the East German youth could and did read Soviet newspapers. It was not until November 1 that *Neues Deutschland* published the simple statement that Stalin's body had been removed from the mausoleum. It tactfully omitted the rest of *Pravda's* statement referring to Stalin's crimes.

The reason for this painful official silence was obvious to all. Ulbricht is—theoretically—the arch-Stalinist of them all and one of the guiltiest (if most improbable) subjects of the cult of personality. By November 1, functionaries and propagandists in East Germany were inundated with questions on Stalinism in East German political life. A young Communist functionary at the party forum in Dresden asked, "Aren't you building a personality cult around the person of Walter Ulbricht?" With embarrassment the charge was denied, but the point was made. It will be made again—frequently—in the immediate future. The major object of the personality cult, Stalin, still hovers over East Germany. What is called the East German state is a kind of national monument to him. Stalinallee is the Great Gray Way of Communism in East Berlin and it prominently features a large statue of Stalin. There are Stalinstadt, the "new socialist city," and countless Stalin factories, institutes, and installations throughout East Germany. "What can we do?" said a functionary in East Berlin a few days ago. "They will all have to be renamed." (The statue too?)

Significantly, most of the attacks on Stalinism in East Germany in the wake of the Twenty-second Congress have so far come from outside the party. It is already clear that the issue is being seized upon as a rallying point, as a means of expressing and articulating popular resistance to the régime. By itself, the airing of the issue is bound to disrupt the Stalinist style of Ulbricht and might make it difficult for him to use the strong-arm methods that he needs to whip the East Germans into a Communist herd.

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The Displaced Mummy

ADAM ULAM

A HUGE PICTURE of Lenin projected against the wall inside Moscow's brand-new Kremlin Palace of Congresses emphasized the intended theme of the Twenty-second Congress of the Soviet Communist Party that convened on October 17: the return to the Founder's principles and a further repudiation of Stalin, less than nine years after his death. But the very style and mechanics of the Congress emphasized how much more Stalinist than Leninist in spirit contemporary Communism is. The speeches, even when they denounced the crimes and errors of Stalin, adhered to the heavy, dogmatic, and theologically tinctured prose that became the fashion under the late tyrant. Once again good Communists were called upon to guard something or other "like the pupil of one's eye," and to exhibit "relentless vigilance" before domestic and foreign enemies. The attacks and invective against the "anti-party group" were, in their structure and language, faithful copies of earlier attacks against the Trotskyites, Bukharinites, etc. How the barbarous ritualism of the official language leads at times to absurdity was demonstrated in an incident that took place before the congress. At the January meeting of the Central Committee, the first secretary of the Kazakhstan party, D. A. Kunayev, intoned that the news of the convocation of the party had been received by the masses of Kazakhstan with enthusiasm and redoubled socialist effort. This encouraging information was greeted with a burst of laughter, and Khrushchev had to remind the confused satrap that as the news of the congress was being announced that very day, and Kunayev was in Moscow, his gauging of the enthusiasm of the Kazakhstan masses was somewhat premature.

The continuity with Stalinism transcends questions of style. It includes such organic features of Khrushchev's Communism as the persistence of strict totalitarianism (though it has shed the pathological and excessively terroristic features of the past era) and the vigorous growth of a new cult of personality, that of Khrushchev himself. But this persistence should not obscure the fact that the Twenty-second Congress has faced a dilemma unlike any confronted by its predecessors.

Dilemma of Success

In large measure this dilemma has been created by the tremendous successes, both domestic and international, of Communism. Khrushchev boasted with every sign of conviction that the Soviet Union has become the most powerful state in the world. The delegates were presented with a rapturous vista of the future, where Russia by 1970 would surpass the United States' level of industrial production and by 1980 would achieve an abundance of industrial and consumer goods prerequisite for a truly Communist society. They heard a catalogue of retreats by and defeats of the West. They heard of the Soviet Union's influence reaching within a few miles of the shores of the main capitalist power. They were told for the first time of the resumption of nuclear tests by the Soviet Union, but in tones which suggested that Soviet military power was vast enough to prevent a war and, should the unexpected come, to crush the enemy. For all the elements of exaggeration, bravado, and implied blackmail of the outside world, there is no doubt that Khrushchev's report reflected the confidence of a leader who feels sure of his power and who believes that his cause and country are gaining, and rapidly, in the world at large.

But both the speeches and the program hint at an apprehension that the old and tried formulas which have served Communism so well in the past would not meet the dangers of the future. Those formulas—monolithic unity of the party, compulsion, production, relatively safe expansion at the expense of the decaying or disorganized non-Communist world—were inherited by Khrushchev from Stalin, and by adding a degree of flexibility in their execution he has been able to appear even more successful than his predecessor. But will the same formulas serve as well in the 1960's and 1970's?

A clear sign that they won't came in the speech of Chou En-lai, who said that Khrushchev's public denunciation of the Albanian leaders for their Stalinism was not "a serious Marxist-Leninist approach." Thus, for the first time since 1925 a party congress heard an open and unambiguous attack on the actual leader of the party and of world Communism—an attack, moreover, by a foreign leader, of whom the etiquette requires that he bring greetings from the fraternal party, congratulate the Soviet Communists, and join in the applause.

THE SERIOUSNESS of the dispute between the Chinese and the Russian Communists is only emphasized by the almost laughable insignificance of its ostensible object—Albania. When Khrushchev in his introductory speech claimed that the

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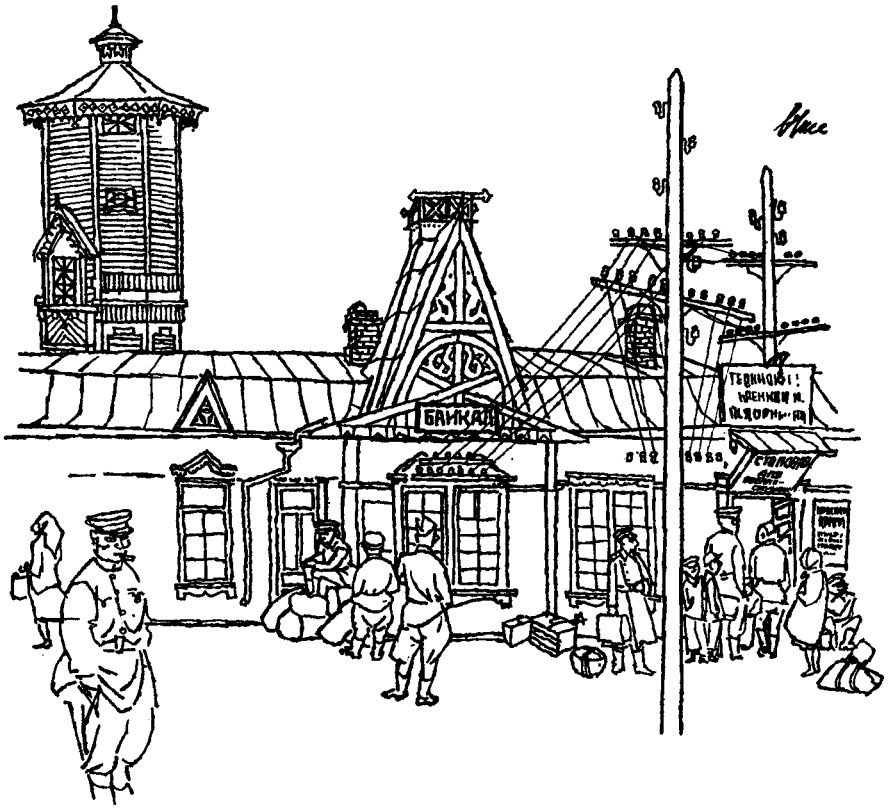

Albanian leaders opposed de-Stalinization in Russia, he painted the ridiculous picture of the Soviet colossus being persecuted by the leaders of a petty and primitive country with a population of a million and a half. There is no doubt that the warning was actually addressed to China, that Chou by defending the Albanians has picked up the challenge, and that the leaders of the two great Communist powers, as yet unable or unwilling to hurl charges and countercharges at each other, found for the moment a convenient focus for their dispute.

The main elements of this dispute cannot be reduced to any specific differences over ideology or policies: they are inherent in the very existence of two great Communist states. Between 1925 and 1950, there was no reason for a good Communist to doubt that what was good for the Soviet Union was good for world Communism. The Soviet-Yugoslav rift of 1948 gave the first warning of impending trouble. With the Chinese Communists' consolidation of power, and with their push to outstrip even the Soviet tempo of industrialization and collectivization, the full implication of the new era must have dawned even on the most obtuse Communist functionary. There may be further reconciliations and declarations of the "unbreakable unity" of the Communist camp, and further rifts. But the beautiful simplicity (one can hardly add "and innocence") of Stalin's era will never return to the Communist world.

Military Two-Step

The actual points of dispute between the two giants keep shifting, and it would be a mistake to think of each of them as being frozen in a given ideological position. In 1956, immediately after Khushchev's denunciation of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress, the Chinese took a lead in what they themselves later denounced as "revisionism." Apart from launching their own domestic program of "liberalization" and the "Hundred Flowers" campaign, they also urged the Eastern European Communist Parties to renounce their Stalinist practices and leaders, and to act more independently of the Soviet Union. By the following June, after the new "liberal" policies had unleashed a flood of public criticism, the Chinese leaders reverted to strict Stalinist dogma and practice.

For their part the Soviets have grumbled for years, sometimes in public, about their Chinese comrades' unreasonable pace in industrialization and in the socializing of agriculture, and of their pretensions of having already entered the era of Communism. The basic cause of trouble is each side's apprehension and envy of the other's progress and power. The dispute about the meaning of "peaceful coexistence" is a good case in point. Before the Twenty-second Congress, Chou paid lip service to the formula but he coupled it with an attack upon the United States and the Kennedy administration that was much more savage and emotional than any of Khrushchev's taunts and threats. It is doubtful that, as some western commentators claim, the Chinese desire a nuclear holocaust. They are intelligent men. But they are convinced that the West can and must be pushed more brutally and rapidly than Khrushchev proposes to do. And above all, they appear to be afraid that "peaceful coexistence" may develop imperceptibly from a tactical doctrine into a real policy and way of life. They have a stake in unremitting hostility between the West and the Soviet Union, and in anything that makes Communism everywhere more militant and aggressive.

IN HIS SPEECH Chou expressed thanks to the Soviet Party for the help given the Chinese in their struggle for power and in the transformation of their country. To some of his listeners, the words in their context must have appeared ironic: "You have made us what we are and you cannot blame us for following in your footsteps and becoming a great power." In 1919 Lenin exclaimed: "Scratch a Russian Communist and you will find a Russian chauvinist." But Lenin's party was as a whole imbued with internationalism. It took the long years of Stalin's rule to turn Soviet Communists into unabashed nationalists who almost instinctively think of other Communist Parties as appendages and instruments of Soviet power. But now a foreign Communist Party has appeared to dispute with Russia the proper ways of leadership of the international Communist movement, to demand evermore economic and technical help, and to push the Soviet Union itself into foreign adventures with incalculable consequences.

Portentous as the Soviet-Chinese

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quarrel is, it is unlikely that the average delegate to the congress saw it as more than a cloud in the sky. And the party hierarchy sought to minimize another more immediate danger. In his introductory speech at the first session of the congress, which was open to the public and to the Soviet and foreign press as well as to Soviet radio and TV, Khrushchev mentioned almost casually that the Soviet Union was conducting a series of nuclear tests, and then departed from the written text of the speech to announce his intention of testing a fifty-megaton bomb. (Though the Soviet people had been told before that Russia proposed to resume tests this was the first time that they were informed that the tests were actually being conducted and that they would conclude with the explosion of a superbomb.) Khrushchev followed this information with a rather optimistic account of the negotiations over Berlin. On both counts his tone was soothing rather than inflammatory, and most of the proceedings were devoted to domestic issues.

The domestic affairs of the congress were dominated by two items: discussion (or, to be more exact, recitations in praise of) the new party program and statutes, and the new attack upon Stalin and the anti-party group. Since there is never anything accidental in the Soviet production of spectacles like the party congress, there is a close connection between the two items.

Those Unhatched Chickens

The new party program is exuberant in promises of economic advancement and improvement. The projected figures of Soviet industrial production for 1970 and 1980 might be deemed fantastic except for the evidence of prodigious industrial growth that has taken place since 1945. But while the Soviet Union's past record may lead us to take the new industrial figures seriously, it does not encourage any great faith in the latest promises in the field of agriculture and other consumer goods. The First Secretary himself quoted his foreign critics in advance: "What fantasies, if you please, does Khushchev conjure up about the agricultural growth!" The post-Stalin era has seen considerable growth in living standards, but how far the Soviet Union still has to go is indicated by the boast that in twenty years every family will have separate living quarters.

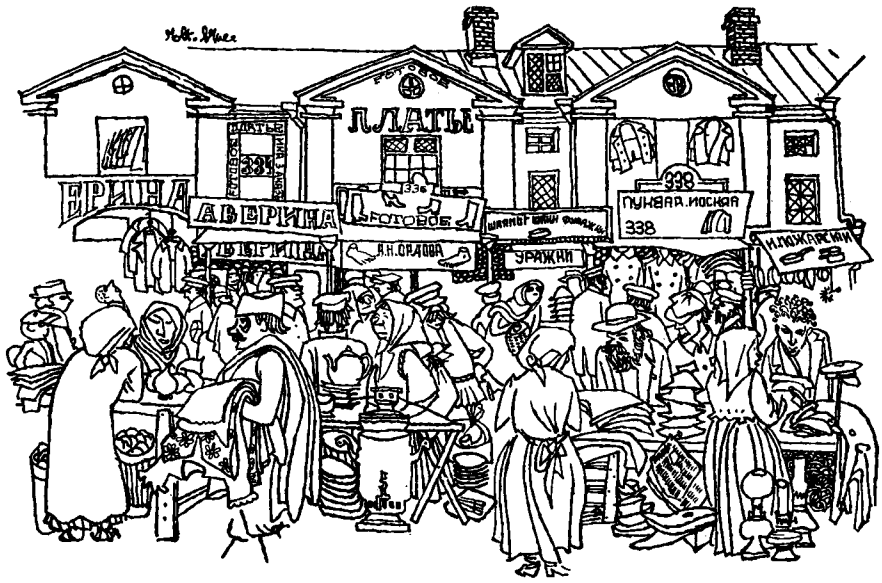
Agriculture remains the Achilles' heel of the Soviet economy. The food shortages of 1960-1961 revealed that the economic decentralization of 1957 has had one unexpected effect: falsification of agricultural statistics, which in Stalin's time used to be done regularly at the central level, has now also become decentralized. Several local party and state leaders went to jail for their "achievements" in raising production. Throughout Khrushchev's figures runs a rather primitive notion of competition with capitalism: presumably once the Soviet Union surpasses the United States in the production of the main industrial items and in the standard of living, a bell will ring and the walls of capitalism will collapse. And yet even if the program's 1980 goal of raising the average real income three and a half times is attained (highly unlikely if the projected tempo of the growth of heavy industry is maintained), it will merely surpass the *present* American level.

The Road Ends Here

But whereas the economic side of the program is studded with facts and figures, however confusing, an air of complete unreality and vagueness pervades the part dealing with the political and institutional features of the era of Communism to be entered in 1980. Indeed, nothing concrete could be offered, because in the official view the citizens of the Soviet Union already enjoy freedom and democracy.

The state, as Khrushchev had said on another occasion, has already begun to wither away: witness the projected abolition of the state Committee on Sports and its replacement by a "social" organization. For all the emphasis on de-Stalinization, the party program is in fact an avowal that Communism under Khrushchev has no more to offer the Soviet people politically than under Stalin; that even at the end of the projected long road of deprivation and hard work, it cannot offer one concrete political change from the present grim reality. Neither in the program nor in Khrushchev's speeches was there any indication that even twenty years from now the Soviet citizen will not have his life regulated by the party or that he would achieve even a modest degree of real freedom or privacy. The program must have appeared not only frustrating to the generation that has suffered so much from compulsion and enforced conformity, but dull and undramatic as well.

In this context, we can understand why the leaders felt constrained to attack Stalin and Stalinism with frantic virulence. Following his "Secret Report" of 1956, never officially released in Russia, Khrushchev more than once sought in some measure to rehabilitate the despot by picturing him as a good Communist who went astray in his late years. Even in the 1956 speech the picture was that of a man who had rendered great services in his



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time but who grew pathological in old age. Now millions of Russians could read and hear that the man who ruled them for thirty years and his closest associates were cold-blooded murderers and sadists. As early as 1922, Khrushchev said, Lenin had divined the unprincipled and cunning character of Stalin. For the first time, Marshal Voroshilov, eighty years old, president of the Soviet Union until last year, was denounced as a member of the group that had plotted against Khrushchev in 1957 and as a principal assistant in Stalin's crimes. Though all such performances are carefully staged, probably one of the main accusatory speeches, that of A. N. Shelepin, head of the security apparatus, transgressed all bounds of caution from the point of view of the *present* leadership. Shelepin recounted how a condemned official's letter to Stalin, in which he declared that he was innocent and that if he were to die it would still be with love for Stalin and the party, was annotated by Stalin "scoundrel" and "pimp," and by Kaganovich with unprintable obscenities; how Beria killed a high party official with his own hands; how Malenkov ordered a wholesale assassination of the leading Communists in Leningrad. From the same sources the Soviet people could learn how, and quite recently, the most important political problems were being dealt with in a manner reminiscent of Al Capone; how at the session of the Presidium which ejected Khrushchev in June, 1957, Bulganin used his bodyguards in an attempt to prevent the pro-Khrushchev members of the Central Committee from getting into the Kremlin, and how Shepilov kept a "black book" of data with which to blackmail his fellow leaders.

But the main purpose of this outburst was to create—to use the frightful semantics of official Communism—a diversion. Stalin is to be thrown out of the mausoleum precisely because the essence of Stalinism has become part and parcel of Soviet totalitarianism and cannot be removed without the present leadership committing political suicide. The attempt to represent the anti-Khrushchev faction as believers in Stalinism pure and simple and as proponents of warlike policies is designed to reassure the Soviet people of their good fortune in living under the democratic and peaceful leadership of Khrushchev. This attempt fails in its very presentation, for it is obvious that what united people as diverse politically as Malenkov, Molotov, and Saburov was simply the desire to get rid of Khrushchev and that some members of the alleged "Stalinist" group were prepared to go much further in de-Stalinization than Khrushchev and his clique have done. (Thus Malenkov "campaigned" on the platform of greater production of consumer goods.) The tone of the revelations shows not only their ulterior aim but also the accompanying element

of personal hatred, envy, and past frustrations. Khrushchev had been Kaganovich's protégé during part of his early career. Both he and Mikoyan had been among Stalin's closest associates, and toward the end of the despot's life in much more influential positions than either Kaganovich or Voroshilov. (The latter, according to Khrushchev's own story at the Twentieth Congress, had been forbidden by Stalin to attend meetings of the Politburo.) It is likely that reflections of this kind crossed the minds of more than one delegate to the congress.

The Changing Face of Tyranny

The party congresses are staged not to decide policies but to educate the rank and file of the party. The function of the delegates is to carry back to their farms, factories, and army units the reassuring picture of the united and all-powerful party and of its wise and solicitous leadership, and of "correct" and clearly elucidated policies. One must wonder whether that function was successfully accomplished at the Twenty-second Congress. What is the average delegate, for all his built-in apparatus of unquestioning obedience, to make of the wide divergence of directives on some of the most important problems? Marshal Malinovsky painted in the most somber tones the aggressive intentions of American capitalism. Member of the Presidium Otto V. Kuusinen asserted that there were strong forces working for peace even in the capitalist countries. Chou En-lai termed the Kennedy administration the worst yet, the most warlike of all American governments. Foreign Minister Gromyko stated that the new administration offered unusually good prospects for peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union, and he concluded with what, on the face of it, sounded like a plea for an alliance with the United States: "If only our two countries united our forces for the protection of peace, who would dare and who would be in a position to threaten peace? Nobody! There is no such power in the world." How that must have sounded in Peking!

To be sure, the different strains in, say, foreign-policy statements are to a degree deliberate. But the confusion and conflicts revealed during the congress cannot be merely a put-up job designed to confuse the West. They also reflect real problems and dilemmas of Soviet and world Communism. In trying to resolve them, Khrushchev and his associates have been unusually prone, even for Communists, to sudden, often reckless and inconsistent, shifts and improvisations. Some of the most puzzling elements of Soviet aggressiveness become more understandable if seen against the background of the régime's determination to assert the vitality of its ideology, which politically has nothing to offer to its own people, by continued successes and expansion abroad.

What American policies need in meeting the challenge of this system is not only strength but a sharper awareness of the ever-changing condition of both Soviet and world Communism.

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A Pawn On the Adriatic

IRVING R. LEVINE

THE ROOTS of Albania's difficulties with Moscow can be traced back to at least 1940. That was the year the Comintern asked the Yugoslav party to see what it could do to amalgamate a variety of Communist resistance groups that had sprung up after Mussolini invaded Albania in 1939. In response to Moscow's request, Tito dispatched emissaries, the best known of whom were Milandin Popovic, who was assassinated in Yugoslavia in 1945 by an Albanian student, and Dusan Mughosha, who now heads the Communist Party organization in a section of Yugoslavia where the population is preponderantly Albanian. On November 8, 1941, the Albanian Communist Party was officially founded, and under Yugoslav tutelage its partisans fought against the Italians and then against the Germans. During the war and afterward, Tito carried out recurrent purges of the Albanian party leadership in order to keep control in the hands of Albanians whom he considered loyal. In 1948, when Tito was excommunicated by the Kremlin, Enver Hoxha, now first secretary of the Albanian Communist Party, was the only member of the Central Committee of 1941 who was still occupying a high office.

Hoxha, born in 1908 of a middle-class Moslem family, had emerged during the war as the top man. Educated in France and Brussels, Hoxha had returned to his homeland in 1936 and taught French in Albanian schools until the Italian invaders required that all teachers join the Fascist Party. Hoxha quit teaching and opened a tobacco shop in Tirana that became the meeting place for the Communist resistance movement.

It is important in understanding Albania's spirit of independence from Moscow to note that the Albanian partisans did not receive a single rifle from Russia; supplies came from Britain and America. When the war ended in Albania in 1944, Hoxha formed a provisional government that was confirmed by elections of a sort in 1945.

Tyrant to the Rescue

During the time he exercised remote control of the Albanian Communist Party, Tito had not only established a customs union with Albania and arranged to have Yugoslav technicians operate many Albanian enterprises; for all practical purposes he had also abolished the frontier between Albania and Yugoslavia, and seemed bent on absorbing Albania as Yugoslavia's seventh republic. But just when Tito's relations with the Kremlin were approaching an explosive climax, he also found himself in a squabble with Hoxha. In January, 1948, Tito proposed sending in two Yugoslav divisions, ostensibly to protect Albania from what Tito described as an imminent invasion from Greece. Actually what really concerned Yugoslavia, with frontiers on Communist Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary, and the Soviet-occupied zone of Austria, was a desire to safeguard at least the Communist frontier at the rear through which Soviet forces might mount their attack if a showdown should come between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union.

Mehmet Shehu, the present Albanian premier, who was then chief of staff of the armed forces, opposed the entry of Yugoslav troops and Tito had him sent into exile in a remote mountain village. Stalin's outright break with the Yugoslav leader in June, 1948, saved Hoxha from being purged. While Tito was preoccupied with his own survival, the possibility of a Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia could not be discounted at that point. Hoxha moved quickly. He recalled Shehu, and together they arranged the arrest of the minister of interior, Koci Xoxe, a former blacksmith who controlled Albania's secret police and was Tito's loyal front man in Albania. Xoxe was hanged a year later.

Thus by menacing Tito, Stalin saved the necks of Hoxha and Shehu and made possible the survival of Albanian independence. As a consequence, he became the idol of the Albanian leadership that emerged after the Cominform resolution expelling Tito.

The next episode in the drama occurred in May, 1955, when Party Secretary Khrushchev and Premier Bulganin, as members of the collective government that succeeded Stalin, traveled to Yugoslavia to apologize to Tito and to stimulate better relations. Whether justifiably or not, Hoxha & Co. suspected that a Soviet deal with Tito might include connivance in Tito's dream of swallowing Albania. Their anxiety was further increased when Khrushchev launched his de-Stalinization campaign at the Twentieth

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Party Congress in February, 1956, and the tension has been growing ever since.

Albania's 1960 harvest failed, and in order to avoid famine, Hoxha appealed for aid to Moscow and other Communist capitals. The request was ignored by all but Communist China, which lent Hoxha $2.5 million to purchase grain from France and then diverted to Albanian ports some of the grain the Chinese had purchased for their own needs from Canada. Moreover, last spring Peking extended a loan of $125 million in convertible currencies. In May and June of this year Soviet technicians were withdrawn (or expelled) from Albania and Soviet submarines sailed home from their pens on Albania's coast. An Albanian military attaché was expelled from Moscow, and Tirana responded in kind. The Soviet embassy in Tirana is now subjected to the same surveillance as are the legations of Italy, France, and Turkey, the only non-Communist nations that maintain diplomatic missions in the Albanian capital. Chinese technicians have replaced the Soviets.

Economic development is the primary need of this mountainous area, which was part of the Turkish Empire until 1913 and whose million and a half inhabitants, predominantly Moslem, are racially distinct from their Northern Slav, Greek, and Italian neighbors. Some progress had been made with Soviet help in developing oil fields and iron and nickel mines, but Albania still is primarily an underdeveloped agricultural country requiring, even in years of good crops, some $30 million a year in outside aid to maintain its present low living standards. Despite its own troubles, Communist China could surely afford to continue to furnish this amount of aid.

But China's interest in Albania probably does not go far beyond its usefulness as a pawn. Sooner or later Albanians may have to look elsewhere for help. The chances for reconciliation with Russia while Khrushchev lives seem remote. Herein, some western diplomats believe, may lie an opportunity. After all, we helped Tito when it seemed to be to our advantage, and Hoxhaism is really just another brand of Titoism.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Our Role in Latin America

A. A. BERLE, Jr.

THE COMMUNIST DRIVE for control of Latin America, intensified during the past few years, has been reasserted at the latest party congress in Moscow. Many in our country have not fully realized that a propaganda and paramilitary offensive of major proportions is in the making. The assault on Latin America is probably secondary to the pushes closer to the borders of the Soviet Union and of Communist China, because it cannot be supplied from a base in Communist territory. But it is no less serious.

Credible information indicates that the Communists' target date for attempting a takeover of South America is 1963. This need not be taken literally. It is probable that their immediate objective is to break up the inter-American system. To produce a situation of instability in Latin America analogous to the one they have promoted in Southeast Asia should be a sufficient goal for the time being.

THE INDEPENDENCE of the Latin-American countries that emerged from the Spanish and Portuguese empires was protected originally by the Monroe Doctrine, which was inspired by Britain, then the world's greatest naval power. Without this protection South America would probably have been divided up among the European powers during the nineteenth century, as was Africa. During the past generation the independence of the Latin-American countries has acquired multilateral guarantees. At Montevideo in 1933, a basis of principle was accepted by all the countries and the United States. In 1936, at the Buenos Aires Conference, an agreement was reached for common consultation. As the Second World War closed, the system of inter-American consultation evolved into an agreement for mutual defense and for establishment of a regional international organization. This was the Act of Chapultepec, which foreshadowed the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance signed in Rio de Janeiro in 1947, an agreement similar in most respects to the later NATO pact. A little later, at Bogotá, the organization was given form by the Charter of the Organization of American States, a regional peacekeeping arrangement interlocked with the Rio treaty. Article 3 of the treaty is worth quoting:

"The High Contracting Parties agree that an armed attack by any State against an American State shall be considered as an attack against all the American States and, consequently, each one of the said Contracting Parties undertakes to assist in meeting the attack in the exercise of the inherent right of individ-

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ual or collective self-defense recognized by Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations."

When Secretary of State Dean Acheson at a hearing for ratification of the NATO treaty interpreted an analogous clause, he compared it to the Rio treaty. Acheson foresaw the type of indirect aggression that has now become so familiar to us. This underlined the need to make clear that a rebellion or internal seizure of power organized, armed, or fomented by an outside power would be considered an "armed attack." An exchange with Senator William Fulbright during the hearings clarified Acheson's view:

FULBRIGHT: "Would an internal revolution, perhaps aided and abetted by an outside state, in which armed force was being used in an attempt to drive the recognized government from power be deemed an 'armed attack' within the meaning of Article 5 [of NATO]? . . . This is in the nature of a coup. Would that come within the definition of an armed attack?"

ACHESON: "I think it would be an armed attack."

Secretary Acheson added that each country within the treaty group would have to decide for itself whether such a coup was or was not an armed attack.

Precisely this type of armed attack "aided and abetted by an outside state," to use the words of Senator Fulbright, has taken place through the Russian operations in Cuba. The same process is being planned elsewhere in Latin America, with arms, money, support, and organization coming from outside the countries involved.

When Force Is Justified

The words "the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense" were used advisedly in the Rio treaty. They refer to a clause in the Act of Chapultepec which says, "Any attempt on the part of a non-American State against the integrity or inviolability of the territory, the sovereignty or the political independence of an American State shall be considered as an act of aggression against all the American States." The act recommends conclusion of a treaty recognizing as legitimate the resort to defense by means of "interruption of economic, commercial and financial relations; use of armed force to prevent or repel aggression." This is accepted in the treaty of Rio de Janeiro. Though it provided that concerted measures were to be determined by the group, each country could be free to determine for itself the measures it would take. Measures for self-defense (including the use of armed force) might become justified if there were "armed attack," especially by an extracontinental power on a neighboring state. International lawyers sometimes call this the right of "anticipatory defense," which translated means that you do not have to wait until an enemy's attack crosses your own border. When, therefore, an internal seizure of power organized by the Soviet Union is defined as "armed attack," all measures, including the use of armed force, are legally justified.

It has been widely stated by men not familiar with the inter-American treaties that to apply them in such situations would be considered intervention. This view has been supported also by some officials of our

own State Department, but this is an error. Not only North Americans but Latin Americans have given the same interpretation to the treaties. As a participant at Chapultepec, I can testify that many of my Latin-American colleagues actually insisted that defense, undertaken for adequate cause, could not be considered intervention. A number of Latin-American states are now asserting this point of view as they become aware that they may need to defend themselves. The intent of the treaties was to assure defense of the inter-American system. If that system is broken, Latin America could be torn to pieces as Southeast Asia is being torn to pieces today. The inter-American agreements contain no legal or moral impediments to military action in defense of the hemisphere. Indeed, the Rio treaty clearly authorizes it. Strategy and the political considerations of a given situation may indicate other measures.

The Act of Chapultepec, the Rio treaty, and the Charter of the Organization of American States suggest a succession of measures: breaking of diplomatic relations (an act of disapproval); breaking of consular relations (which interrupts trade and transit); breaking of postal, telegraphic, telephonic, and radio relations (which isolates the country); interruption of economic, commercial, and financial relations; and, as a last resort, use of armed force. Under the Pact of Bogotá recourse to the use of force is barred except in the case of self-defense in accordance with existing treaties. Negotiation, good offices, mediation, arbitration, and so forth must first be used—as the United States attempted to do in 1960 in dealing with Cuba by asking action from the Organization of American States.

THE YEAR 1961 in Latin America is remarkably parallel to the year 1947 in Europe. Then the Soviet Union attempted to seize Greece by arming and supplying a rebellion in that country. The United States took action by sending a military advisory mission and supplies to support the Greek government after the British had led the way but were unable to support the burden. At the same time, Secretary of State George C. Marshall proposed the Marshall Plan. The Communist forces opposed the Marshall Plan and launched a major effort to prevent the formation of a western bloc. The campaign through the latter months of 1947 was bitter in the extreme. At its close, the Western European countries chose the western orientation, supported the Marshall Plan for economic and social development, and have since obtained the highest economic and social development for their peoples in all their history.

In March of 1961, President Kennedy proposed a newer form of Marshall Plan to all Latin America, the program commonly known as the Alliance for Progress. Unlike its predecessor in Europe, the Alliance for Progress conditions its offer of economic aid on the enactment of local reforms designed to see that its benefits will reach the masses.

Obviously, the diverse economies

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and background of the twenty Latin-American republics are very different from those of the Marshall Plan nations. Each will have to find in itself the impulse for internal reforms as a counterpart to aid. Social legislation, modern systems of taxation, and better distribution of wealth and opportunity, long projected or boasted by many of these countries, will now have to be enforced. Further, no modern plan can succeed unless there is a high standard of literacy and a great opportunity for education. At Montevideo this August, a conference was held resulting in agreement on these principles. Part of the money needed had already been provided by a U.S. appropriation of $500 million, of which $394 million is administered through the Inter-American Development Bank. One hundred million has been appropriated directly for aid programs, the greater part intended for educational facilities.

To complete the 1947-1961 parallel, we have the Russian and Chinese operations in Cuba. Cuba's declared objective is to disrupt the American system and, acting for the overseas Communist powers, to organize and supply revolutionary coups in other Latin-American countries. Two or three such attempts have been made and have failed; but Cuban documents brought to light in Ecuador, Peru, and Argentina make it abundantly clear that further preparations are being made.

Three Communist Weapons

Thus in 1961 we have, on the one hand, a campaign well under way for the Alliance for Progress, backed by the economic resources of the United States, and on the other, an undisguised attempt at subversion by the Communist powers.

The Communist attack works on three levels. Its first aim is, as always, to create chaos. Every grievance is exploited—and there are many in Latin America. Every solution that might better the lot of the people is opposed unless its results will favor the Communists.

The second instrument is more far-reaching. Because in some Latin-American countries the number of trained and educated people is inadequate, the Communist objective is to build a cadre capable of leader-

ship in government and private life. The weaker the country, the easier this is. Russian or Chinese agents become active at the high-school stage, choosing the boys of greatest promise for special attention. In the universities, the attempt is made to dominate student organizations and to recruit men for training in Moscow. Not infrequently a professor of Communist orientation is selected as chief agent and given ample funds. A professor at the University of Mexico reportedly is given resources of $100,000 a year to fulfill this function.

The third resource is military or paramilitary operations. This consists of organizing and arming guerrillas. Then, when enough chaos has been created, these are called out, civil war starts, and the takeover begins. There are Communist handbooks on how to do this as there are Communist handbooks on how to stage demonstations, weaken the police, subvert armies, and so forth.

Communists have regularly supported the dictators and almost never the democracies in Latin America. At the time of the rise of the Argentine dictator Juan Perón, the Argentine Communist leader Américo Ghioldi recognized him for the fascist he was. Communists were supposed to oppose fascists; Ghioldi decided he would do so. He was promptly called to order by the then director of operations for Latin America, Jacques Duclos. I happened to see the correspondence. Ghioldi was advised to change his tactics, co-operate with Perón, secure a more or less protected position, and keep up his conspiratorial organization.

This, in fact, is what the Communists did in Cuba. Until the very end of the Batista dictatorship, Communists supported him. Some of the Communists who worked with Batista are in the Castro government now. Dictators, supported by Communists, ruled most of South America during the early 1950's. But, beginning with the end of the Vargas dictatorship in Brazil in 1945, one after another they were displaced by the spreading democratic revolution. Perón in Argentina, Pérez Jiménez in Venezuela, Rojas Pinilla in Colombia, and eventually Fulgencio Batista in Cuba, all came to the end of the road.

In Latin America the Communist movement is at its weakest in those countries which have maintained successful democracies, notably Costa Rica and Uruguay. For some years, Communist strategy has concentrated on preparations for taking over the dictatorial countries, as was done in Cuba. Now it is entirely probable that armed attack will be attempted in the more vulnerable countries.

Latin Americans, like people everywhere, want their lot improved, And like other peoples they are dimly aware that modern technology and modern economic methods make this possible. The more industrialized countries, notably Argentina and Brazil, are moderately aware of the conditioning elements that make progress possible. Elsewhere, in Bolivia for example, where the population is ninety-eight per cent Indian, the magnitude of the task is insufficiently understood. In the United States we like to say what is needed is a "social revolution," meaning a change in men's condition accomplished through technology, social legislation, and first-rate government. The Communists will be satisfied by nothing but civil war or its equivalent.

We must now reject the idea that the United States is somehow responsible for the backwardness in great areas of Latin America. This is pure propaganda nonsense. The whipping boy of the Communist propagandists is American investment. Actually, except in Chile, Venezuela, and a few Caribbean countries, American

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investment is not dominant. In the aggregate it is small compared to the total economy of the region, and it has frequently been more enlightened than local investment. Nor is the Latin-American market for American goods a controlling factor in our relations, though it accounts for about eighteen per cent of our foreign trade. We could do without Latin America's purchases, just as we do not need it as a field for investment. But these countries could not get along at present without selling their products in the United States. Severing these relations would be disastrous not for the United States but for the Latin-American nations—as Cuba is finding out. Few Latin-American products are not readily obtainable elsewhere or capable of production in the United States—even coffee is wholly obtainable from Africa. We might—and should—have done more for Latin America. But certainly for a generation we have been rather good neighbors.

The problem now facing us is not new: the American system has been under attack before. At the close of the Civil War, France under Napoleon III had subverted the government of Mexico. About that time the Dominican Republic had been reannexed to Spain. European nations were on the hunt for colonies in Latin America as well as in Africa. Once more, during the Nazi era, the hunt was revived, and for a time it was problematic whether the hemisphere could remain master of its own destiny. The same problem is presented in new form today. Moscow has proclaimed its intention to have its own satellites in Latin America, exactly as Napoleon III proclaimed his in the 1860's. This time, however, it is made clear that the archenemy is the United States, and that the Latin-American campaign is essentially a flanking movement directed eventually at destroying the United States.

We can have faith in Latin America, and especially in the remarkable group of younger men who have emerged during the past twenty years. Still, a program of education for common action is a major necessity for the Alliance for Progress. Common action means, quite simply, recognizing that any economic system is a means to an end, and not an end in itself. The end is to provide a good life, and the immediate target is to provide a decent standard of living for the two hundred million inhabitants of a region richly endowed with natural resources. Already there is a remarkable development of their human resources in certain fields—as the building of great cities by Latin-American engineers has amply proved. But there is lamentable underdevelopment in other fields. There are not enough teachers or schools, or advanced education. Youth clamors for better training, and for the opportunity to use that training once it has it.

THE UNITED STATES now has a double role in Latin America, as it had in Europe after the Second World War. On the one hand, it must defend both itself and Latin America against the chaos fomented by the Communist imperialists. Behind a shield of defense it must assist in organizing vast forces of social

and economic reconstruction. It is always pleasanter and easier for people of our country to focus our attention on the positive side. But at the moment it is unrealistic to expect the success of a positive program unless we, with likeminded Latin Americans, are also prepared to defend the inter-American system.

Three Lines of Action

Because of the depth and intensity of the attack projected by Khrushchev at the Moscow Congress, defense will require a campaign far more definite than any yet faced by American public opinion. Three ingredients are essential to our political-warfare campaign:

¶ The United States should frankly undertake propaganda as well as information. The United States Information Agency should be not merely a news agency but should argue its cause with good honest advocacy. It is silly to leave advocacy to our Communist enemies. This will require much greater expenditures than we have yet been willing to make. Our current information effort, as measured by expenditures in the area, is roughly one-sixth of the scale of the Communist effort.

¶ The national interest of the United States in hemisphere security is just as entitled to consideration and protection as anyone else's. We ourselves are nearly one-half the population of the hemisphere, and we have not been ungenerous to our neighbors. Conversely, by treaty Latin-American countries as well as our own have a national right to the protection of the inter-American system against overseas attacks. Defense is not intervention. In extremities, there is legal sanction for whatever defensive action may be necessary against "armed attack" as Secretary Acheson construed it.

¶ As we develop the positive program, it can and should be made perfectly clear that we work with our friends but not with our enemies or the friends of our enemies. We can co-operate with economic and political systems quite different from our own, but we cannot co-operate with régimes whose declared or undeclared objective is to join with the Russians in destroying the United States. This is why "good" relations with the Castro régime are out of the question. By the same token, we cannot co-operate with régimes whose politicians come to us for aid but in their own countries publicly insult or oppose the United States to curry favor with its enemies. To be sure, Latin Americans have a sovereign right to be independent, and to speak ill of the United States. They do not have a sovereign right to American help, or even to American markets.

The United States has already gone to lengths unknown in history to help humanity. But it ought not to appease, to buy false friendship, or to move one inch in response to fear or blackmail. This should be made clear to every Latin-American politician.

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The Gonzalez Victory

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

NOTHING about Paul Kilday's twenty-three years as a Congressman from Texas was as exciting as the events that came about when he resigned last spring. Kilday gave up his Congressional seat to accept an appointment as judge on the U.S. Court of Military Appeals. No sooner had the Republican and Democratic candidates started their campaigns for the rest of Kilday's term than it became a major prize. Dwight Eisenhower, who hardly ever bestirred himself over Congressional elections while he was President, devoted three days to campaigning in San Antonio for the Republican candidate, John Goode, Jr. President Kennedy, Vice-President Johnson, and Texas Governor Price Daniel countered with strong statements for the Democratic candidate, State Senator Henry B. Gonzalez, who has often been at odds with both Johnson and Daniel. As election day approached, Johnson flew to San Antonio to campaign for Gonzalez.

The unexpired term is actually such a small prize—Gonzalez, who finally won the election on November 4, will have to start campaigning for re-election about the time he takes the oath of office—that these would be strange happenings indeed if they were not explained by other political events. The national political leaders who inserted themselves into the campaigns were not nearly so concerned about a Congressional vacancy (or about Goode and Gonzalez) as they were about a two-party system. For nearly a year, Texas has been in the throes of deciding whether it will continue to be a Democratic state. The Goode-Gonzalez race was just another battleground.

Except for the election of one Republican Congressman, Bruce Alger of Dallas, Texas remained curiously Democratic throughout the Eisenhower Presidency. In 1952 and 1956, a majority of the Texas voters outside the Dallas area simply marked their ballots for Eisenhower for President and for any Democrat who was running for Congress. It was a frustrating eight years for Democratic leaders, but they felt certain that the ambivalence would disappear as soon as Eisenhower, a native of Texas, was through running. This comfortable thought was shaken last November. Even with Lyndon Johnson running for Vice-President, the Democrats barely took Texas, winning by fifty thousand votes, and Republicans are *still* charging that Kennedy and Johnson won the state's electoral votes only because some of the election judges did magic tricks with the ballots.

Since the 1960 Presidential election, the "Resignation Rally" has become the liveliest kind of political meeting in Texas. Conservative Democrats, most of them community leaders, have been meeting in cities all over the state, denouncing the national Democratic Party as socialist and declaring themselves Republicans. For a while, loyal Democrats ridiculed the rallies; they were small, loud, and as easily parodied as primitive rituals. Then, last spring, seventy-one candidates entered the race for the Senate seat that Johnson had vacated. Republican John Tower, whose only previous distinction was that he had opposed Lyndon Johnson for the Senate when no other Republican would take the chance, finished first. In the runoff, Tower defeated Democrat William Blakley even though Blakley had the advantage of serving as interim Senator at the time. Since then, Resignation Rallies haven't seemed funny.

THE major defection from the Democratic Party came in September, when Jack Cox, who received 620,000 votes in the Democratic gubernatorial primary last year (Daniel won with 909,000 votes), announced that he was "enlisting as a buck private in the G.O.P."(Cox promoted himself six weeks later, announcing that he will be the Republican candidate for Governor next year). "The Democrats," he said, "are dedicated to a course which can lead only to the destruction of the basic political and civil rights which are guaranteed by our Constitution." It was a turning point. Cox is a protégé of Allan Shivers, a three-term Governor of Texas who was a leader of Democrats for Eisenhower. Bo Byers of the Houston *Chronicle* wrote of Cox's switch, "It may come to signify, much more clearly than Tower's election, the emergence of a bona fide two-party system in Texas." Certainly, the number and fervor of the Resignation Rallies increased rapidly. Nearly two hundred Democrats met in little McAllen to become Republicans after delivering emotional quotations of speeches made by defenders of the Alamo. Six hundred Fort Worth Democrats became Republicans during another rally.

Few leaders of the loyal Democrats will admit publicly that they are worried about the defections. During a recent meeting of the Democratic state executive committee, Governor Daniel claimed that the deserters hadn't been *real* Democrats anyway. But then he betrayed his concern by announcing a new five-point program that is designed to meet the Republican challenge. During the meeting, Attorney General Will Wilson, who is already running for governor in next year's elections, came in uninvited, got permission to address the committee, and warned that the Republicans might win the governorship unless the committee members heeded his advice.

The outcome of the Goode-Gonzalez election indicated that there is reason for concern among Texas Democrats. Although Gonzalez won, his margin was only 10,000 votes in a total of 100,000. In heavily Democratic, heavily Latin-American San Antonio—a city that Gonzalez is said to "own" because of his popularity—it was no walkover.

The real strength of the Republican Party in Texas will not be tested until the Congressional elections of 1962. The exuberance of Texas Republicanism, however, is already apparent. Not long ago, Senator Tower announced that he was appointing one David Martinez of San Antonio to the Capitol Police Force in Washington. San Antonio Republicans promptly put on a three-hour public rally for Martinez, perhaps making him the first politico in history to get a major send-off because he was going to Capitol Hill to direct traffic.

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The Berlin Crisis Through British Eyes

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

LONDON

UNTIL a few months, even a few weeks ago, I think it probably would have been true to say—as so many American correspondents were reporting—that Britain was "soft on Berlin." Recently, however, there has been a significant toughening of the national mood. This was demonstrated by the quiet acceptance here of the firm manner in which the United States reacted to East Germany's attempt to obstruct traffic at the Friedrichstrasse checkpoint. Previously the spectacle of tanks muzzle to muzzle across the border would have prompted a tremendous twitter of protest from Britain. Angry meetings urging immediate negotiations would have been staged, and no doubt behind the scenes official remonstrations would have been made calling on the United States to avoid any bellicose actions. But nothing like that happened.

How has this new mood come about in Britain? The first thing to be noted is that so long as the British people saw the current crisis as primarily one affecting German interests, they were adamantly opposed to risking war over Berlin. The reason is quite simple and in no way necessarily implies any failure of national nerve. Odd as it may seem, the British dislike and distrust the Germans much more than do the inhabitants of any Allied country that was actually occupied during the war—and infinitely more than the Americans, whom the British find positively pro-German. Indeed, many Britons find it very difficult to understand the mutual respect and affinity that seem to have developed at all levels between West Germany and many of the nations that fought against Hitler.

The circumstances of the war itself may explain why the conception of Germany's innate and ineradicable evil has persisted longer in Britain than elsewhere. Although the British, unlike the Americans, experienced the destruction of their homes and cities by German bombs, they never encountered the normal, decent side of the Germans who occupied countries on the Continent. The old saying "The Devil you know is better than the Devil you don't" is highly relevant here.

I witnessed an example of this phenomenon only the other day at a dinner in London where the Berlin question was raised. All the English at the table were arguing passionately that the Russians were quite right to keep Germany divided, since reunification would lead to renewed menace. The only voice disputing this contention—except mine—was that of a Dutchman who had been an inmate of Auschwitz.

Until now, at any rate, the British have kept themselves outside the great process of reconciliation that has been progressing rapidly in Western Europe during the last decade. They have not experienced any of the new sense of solidarity arising out of all the official and unofficial contacts the Common Market has set in train. This contrast is particularly marked among government officials. There is by now so intimate a mutual understanding between the German and non-German diplomats and bureaucrats involved in the new supranational institutions of Europe that any major threat to the interests of one nation is almost instinctively regarded as a threat to all. To the French, for example, the Berlin crisis is not merely a serious diplomatic and military problem, as it is to the British. The French are now so intimately associated with West Germany that they react to the Berlin crisis, as the Germans naturally do themselves, with their hearts as well as their heads. Not so the British officials, and still less the British public.

In addition to Britain's peculiar relationship with Germany, there is another factor that also helps to explain this nation's reactions to the Berlin crisis. I refer to Britain's postwar passion for playing international relations cool. The reason again is simple. When the East-West struggle approaches the brink of war, the center of gravity inevitably moves away from London to Washington, since that is where military power lies. Only when the international stage is set for diplomatic maneuver, negotiation, and compromise do British statesmen get much chance to stand in the spotlight.

As Mr. Macmillan is notoriously fond of saying, Britain's role today is to be ancient Greece to America's ancient Rome—which in plain English means, "You supply the brawn, we supply the brains." But when it comes to a showdown, brawn is what counts. Not unnaturally, therefore, Britain tends always to preach the necessity for negotiation, the possibility of compromise, and the need for diplomatic finesse a little longer than anybody else does.

SO FAR, of course, I have been describing only the psychological background against which Britain's decisions about Berlin are formed. But in my opinion it is crucial to understand this psychological background. Official thinking about the crisis is rooted in popular feeling, not because of some vulgar consideration of votes but because a kind of heightened national prejudice is very often the only way of choosing between two equally attractive, equally rational policies. It is easy enough to put forward highly plausible and reasonable arguments justifying a policy of maximum western intransigence or maximum western flexibility over Berlin. Both may appear to make admirable sense. What ultimately prompts a country to adopt one or the other—or something between—is very often the emotional context in which the debate has taken place.

Put at its best, the British are emotionally free to look at the Berlin crisis objectively. Put at its worst, feeling less morally involved, they can indulge in a degree of cynicism that seems shocking in Washington or any other continental capital.

Those responsible for formulating

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policy in Britain, backed if not pushed by public feeling, would certainly be prepared to go much further toward dealing with the East Germans, and thereby implicitly strengthening Ulbricht's régime, than would their opposite numbers in Washington or Paris. By the same token, whereas in Paris or Washington there is a sincere disinclination to pursue policies that might offend Bonn and an almost unconscious sensitivity to German feelings, in London it is difficult to find anything but exasperation over the need to base western policy on what may appear in large measure to be the special interests of the Bonn Government.

I do not mean for a moment, of course, that the value of the West German alliance has not been realistically assessed in Whitehall. Of course it has. But with the head rather than the heart, which means in effect that at moments of great crisis there is much more of a tendency to reach for a pen to draft a compromise than for a gun to defend a principle.

I began, however, by suggesting that there has recently been a marked change of mood in Britain. The reason, I think, is that for the first time since the Russians created the Berlin crisis, the British are beginning to understand that Khrushchev's aims are not primarily defensive but basically offensive; that he is not attempting merely to stabilize East Germany and achieve recognition of Germany's present division—aims that win much sympathy here—but rather to undermine West Germany and thereby work to bring about German unification on Russian terms. The British are really becoming convinced, in short, that the Russians are not concerned primarily and defensively with protecting their own eastern empire but are concerned primarily and offensively with undermining the Atlantic Alliance.

So far as the public is concerned, Russia's resumption of nuclear tests, coming after the closing of the Berlin border on August 13—continuing the saber-rattling, that is, after any purely defensive purpose had already been achieved without Allied opposition—has undoubtedly brought home to even the most purblind optimist the fact that the possibility of honorable agreement is not being blocked by an obstinate old man in Bonn but by Khrushchev in Moscow.

Of course official policy does not make these sudden changes. What does change, however, and what I believe is changing fast, is the climate of public opinion. At its simplest this means that when Berlin is discussed in a pub, you are less apt to hear "Why the hell should we go to war for the damned Germans?" than "What the hell does Khrushchev think he's up to?" This is a profound difference, and although I am not suggesting that this is precisely how the Berlin situation is discussed among cabinet members, their deliberations are not likely to be all that different.

And finally, of course, we must take into account Britain's significant decision to negotiate entrance into the Common Market, which will certainly impose—indeed is already imposing—very great restraint on any unilateral flights of British diplomatic fancy such as Mr. Macmillan's trips to Moscow. For to some extent, Britain's chances of getting in the club on acceptable terms depend on German support to overcome French objections. It would, therefore, be extremely unwise at this moment for Britain to seem to be too far out of step with either Bonn or Paris over Berlin. Here is the acid test of Britain's conversion to a European outlook.

All in all, I would not be surprised if American correspondents in London were soon to start reporting that Britain is no longer "soft on Berlin."

Mobutu's Armed Mob

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

On the parade ground of Camp Nkokolo—formerly called Camp Leopold II, and renamed after a Congolese lieutenant colonel shot dead in a fracas around the Ghanaian ambassador's residence last November—the Congolese Army looks fairly smart. Beneath the vertical sun and the blue incandescent sky. the sweaty black faces, under hemispherical khaki helmets slashed with crimson, seem ready for battle.

The shabby old collarless Belgian uniforms have been replaced by trim new olive drabs that resemble U.S. Army tropical garb, with British-style belts, ankle puttees, and holsters in pale green webbing added. The new beret is the nearest thing the Congolese Army could find to the much-admired tam-o'-shanter of the British military attaché in Léopoldville, a Cameron Highlander.

The automatic rifles and light anti-aircraft trailer guns are equally new. There are some Second World War armored cars and weapons carriers as well as considerable fleets of trucks, most of them in need of multiple surgery after being driven with dash and swagger for several months by the Congolese.

There is considerable doubt whether this army constitutes an effective striking force. It has met serious reverses during its recent efforts to end the secession of Katanga, and the skirmishes there represent the first time it has pitted itself against armed soldiers. Hitherto it has flexed its muscles only against tribal bowmen or scared, defenseless civilians. Whatever happens in Katanga, however, the Congolese soldier is still the strongest political force in the Congo. He is the Terror Party, savage, and conscious of the bargaining power of the bullet. Men with submachine guns on their hips are more powerful, in the anarchy of a power vacuum, than men armed with cabinet portfolios.

The largest of all African colonial forces, the twenty-five thousand members of the Force Publique were never trained by Belgium as a military elite. Levied to maintain order in a territory eighty times the size of the mother country, the Force Publique was used to deal with villages reluctant to pay their taxes, or to terrorize dissident areas inhabited by what the Belgians called "criminal tribes." (An ethnic group so

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classified could be shot like game, and any member who voluntarily appeared within reach of the authorities was swiftly arrested.) Few of its members fought on the battlefields of the Second World War (Nigerian and Ghanaian soldiers, in contrast, fought with distinction in East Africa and Burma, while French Africans battled Rommel), but its units had a long record of killing, plunder, and general mayhem among their fellow Congolese. In 1959, they showed their zeal by mowing down demonstrators at a Patrice Lumumba rally in a Léopoldville stadium.

This force of colonial hatchet men mutinied six days after the Congo became independent on June 30, 1960. They complained that there were still no African officers and no raises in pay. They were living as they had lived a week before, under the same rigid discipline. Lumumba had promised the moon. What was freedom for? They shouted for Lumumba's head.

With characteristic irresponsibility, Lumumba went on the air and expediently blamed the soldiers' grievances on his own white officers, allowing them to be beaten up, humiliated, robbed, and routed, their wives raped or rifle-butted. Flushed with their victory over the officers, these uniformed bullies have never looked back.

Privates in Command

The army mutiny was the signal and the principal single cause for nearly all the rest of free Congo's hurly-burly history—the return of the Belgian forces to rescue their beleaguered and defenseless compatriots, the U.N. intervention to protect Congolese independence, the collapse of the parliament (which could be recalled this summer only when the U.N. forces agreed to protect the legislators from the army), Lumumba's inability to govern the country, the resurgence of tribal warfare, and Katangese secession. The unruly state of the army permitted the dissidence of Oriental and Kivu Provinces and gave much international sympathy to the Katanga break. Successive army pay raises greatly strained the economy. A new dimension was brought to a political problem—not the familiar junta of South American politics, not the revolutionary army of Cuba or Indonesia, but the power of the ordinary private soldier, taking his orders from himself.

At independence, as the soldiers had said, there was not a single Negro officer in the Force Publique. This was a genuine grievance. About eighty Africans then in cadet school in Belgium have since come back, and about 130 more have also

returned, or are now returning, from courses in France or Brussels. But even today the Congolese National Army is an insubordinate amalgam of desperadoes, commanded by a few qualified but inexperienced young subalterns and by a senior staff of sergeants posing as colonels or commandants.

Back in the days after the mutiny, this army was entirely "led" by officers newly elected from the ranks, few of whom could get obedience from their distrustful men. Soldiers will cheer when a popular corporal becomes a major, but that does not mean that they believe he can do the job or that they will be willing to follow him into action. Joseph Mobutu, a cub reporter with the French News Agency, who had been a sergeant-clerk in the Force Publique pay department some years before, became the top colonel and chief of staff. Ex-Master Sergeant Victor Lundula became a major general, in full command. (He now serves Antoine Gizenga in Stanleyville.) Sergeant Jacques Kiembe, now Mobutu's chief of staff, became a lieutenant colonel. Lumumba gave everyone a one-rank jump, so there was no one in the force below a second-class corporal.

The first Ghanaian U.N. forces, a six-hundred-man battalion, disarmed two thousand of this fractious mob. Then the U.N. decided to stop disarming, which never again became more than a political issue. Even the tough Security Council resolution of February 21 fails to mention disarming by name: the relevant clause discreetly speaks of "regrouping and retraining" the Congolese forces.

To get part of the Force Publique —already, by then, rebaptized the Congolese National Army, or ANC —out of town, Lumumba sent troops to help the Lulua (a tribe related to his own) in their rising against the Baluba, their cleverer, detested neighbors. The soldiers had only limited success against the bows and spears of the Baluba, for the army broke up into small, autonomous platoons, led by the private soldier with the loudest voice, with a discomfited "officer" often shrugging his shoulders in the rear. But they did succeed in pushing the Baluba onto barren terrain, where three hundred thousand would have starved but for massive U.N. assistance.

Soon every political leader of consequence in the Congo had his own tribally based khaki goon squad, its allegiance uncertain, its obedience to orders unpredictable, but bristling with guns and impressive to anyone without them. By the time Lumumba was done away with at the beginning of this year, there were 11,600 troops in Katanga more or less faithful to Tshombe, five thousand in Oriental and Kivu Provinces more dubiously faithful to pro-Communist Antoine Gizenga, two thousand loyal to the South Kasai leader Albert Kalonji, a few thousand others looking to other leaders or to individual garrison commanders, and eleven thousand nominally loyal to the legitimate commander, Colonel (now Major General) Mobutu.

The fact that the Congo remains tribal, and soldiers from one tribe may find themselves in units nominally loyal to a political leader or garrison commander from an enemy tribe, makes the individual loyalty of soldiers even more problematic.

Glory's Price: $600

No one except Moise Tshombe of Katanga has ever shown signs of possessing an army that could be ordered into action—and for discipline, Tshombe depends entirely on the great prestige of his white mercenary officers. Other dissidents have

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been less fortunate than Tshombe. To get his troops to invade Kivu last December, Gizenga paid each man a bonus of six hundred dollars (fifteen months' wages for a private soldier). When he wanted them to invade North Kasai, some weeks later, they suggested that another six hundred dollars would be in order. Gizenga, who had raided the vaults of the Stanleyville branch of the national bank for the first bonus, was unable to pay for any further conquest.

All last spring, Mobutu was driving up and down the frontier of the dissident eastern provinces, trying to prepare an invasion of Gizenga's fief. But the troops refused to march—he too lacked that many times six hundred dollars—and Mobutu returned sadly to Léopoldville, a little more haughty and distant, a little less self-confident.

Mobutu, the brooding Cassius of the Congo, is a good reflection of the central government army of which he is the titular head. As the man most responsible for neutralizing Lumumba, expelling the Communist embassies, and relentlessly and negatively badgering the United Nations, he is entitled to an important place in Congolese history.

For better or worse, he forced the release of Moise Tshombe in July, when the Katangese leader was a prisoner of the Léopoldville authorities (Mobutu's latest son was baptized Moise). Mobutu is feared and respected by most politicians (and feared and resented by the premier, Cyrille Adoula), just as his soldiers, and all other Congolese soldiers, are feared, respected, and resented by the citizenry. Like the Congolese soldier, Mobutu is an armed and influential bluffer.

JUST as most of the soldiers may never have the courage to go into action, so Mobutu's power to change the Congolese situation depends largely on his continuing to bluff the authorities. He was able to crack the whip over the Soviet and Czechoslovak ambassadors (both have now returned to Léopoldville), or over the Congolese cabinet, because these are all civilians with no military support in the capital. But does Mobutu really have military power? Is there really a body of troops behind him?

His personally selected general staff is apparently faithful to Mobutu, for patronage is a universal institution. But between the general staff and the units in the field there is little communication and even less obedience.

Mobutu and his chief of staff, Colonel Kiembe, are constantly at odds with Colonel Louis Bomboso, the commander at Thysville—the Congolese barrack center a hundred miles from Léopoldville, and the place where the 1960 mutiny started. When I toured the Lower Congo a few months back, Kiembe gave me a *laissez-passer* and produced a Kikongo-speaking captain as bodyguard; but he added realistically, "Not all the soldiers who may stop

you will accept this pass, or know who I am." A Belgian major on Mobutu's staff advised me to hide the pass while I was in Thysville, lest it lead to my arrest by Kiembe's rival there.

At Camp Nkokolo, a sinister, wall barrack city, discipline has been partially restored; training in the Congolese Army's modern light and medium weapons—a legacy of the Belgian Congo's NATO days—continues. The authority of Mobutu is fairly firm in this camp, though an order to attack surely brings the khaki shop stewards out bargaining. In the bush, where several nominally loyal units have refused to let Mobutu land on their garrison airstrips, his authority is minimal or completely absent. There the monthly pay arrives late or sometimes not at all, and brigandage is frequently the only effective source of livelihood. Vehicles break down and are not repaired. Supply convoys of food and materials arrive late, go to the wrong destinations, or are sold on the way by enterprising noncoms. In dissident Kivu, the army even lacks gasoline, having consumed supplies it obtained from the neighboring British colony of Uganda by bartering the stranded cotton and coffee crops. Wherever the army is least supplied with the appendages of prestige (vehicles, gasoline, new uniforms) and the necessary food and pay, the worst acts of rapine take place. It was in Kivu that soldiers made nuns tending the sick in an African hospital take off their clothes and dance naked amidst savage taunts before they were raped.

The Real Power

Adoula, seemingly the most capable leader to appear so far in the Congo, is still a long way from mastering the vast country. He has twice humiliated Mobutu publicly during the latter's press conferences (Adoula was and remains minister of defense, the post Gizenga badly wanted), and would like the United Nations to retrain and discipline his army. He would like to neutralize Mobutu and has talked vaguely of sending him to Paris as ambassador.

But the U.N.'s numerous plans to implement the Security Council resolution on "regrouping and retraining" the anarchic Congolese military have all come to nothing so far, thanks to opposition at the top by Mobutu, who hates the United Nations, and in the field by individual commanders, who prefer the army as it is.

Weak as the general's control of his army is, his headquarters machinery acts as a buffer against the Security Council resolution and permits the continuance of armed anarchy it can neither control nor direct. United States observers share the U.N.'s—and presumably Adoula's—view that the general's removal from the Léopoldville political scene would be a contribution to the solution of the Congo crisis.

ONE THING seems sure. Whatever happens, historians will be able to say that from July 6, 1960—the day of the army mutiny—the Congolese situation depended more on the soldiers than on the politicians, the U.N., or the deeply concerned outside world. Ever since that date, the anonymous Congolese soldier has been the real, if negative, power on the Congo scene.

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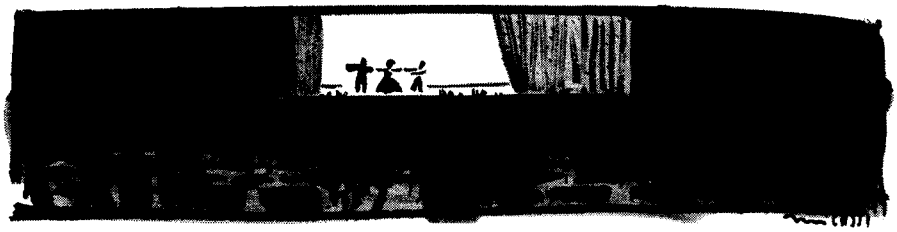


THE OCTOPUS OF SHOW BIZ

NAT HENTOFF

DURING a recording session in New York back in 1940, Jack Teagarden improvised a blues farewell to his colleagues. He would not see them for many a day, he sang resignedly, "because I'm on the road for MCA." The line was in recognition of the pervasive control the Music Corporation of America, a booking agency, then exercised over the band business and, for that matter, over nearly all forms of musical entertainment.

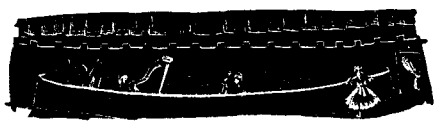
In the last two decades MCA has expanded so vastly that one aggrieved former client has complained, "When you're out of work with MCA, you're out of work all over the world." There is some hyperbole in this lament, but it is certainly true that no one who has anything to do with any branch of the entertainment industry is apt to exist for very long without doing business in one way or another with MCA.

MCA is at present the largest talent agency for Broadway, films, and television; the most active producer and packager of television programs; and a leading distributor of and sales agent for television shows, including the product of some independent producers. Pre-eminent in America, MCA is also the most ubiquitously successful American show-business operation in Europe.

During the current network television season, for example, MCA owns, is a partner in, or represents some thirty prime-time programs, including *Wagon Train, Frontier Circus,* and the new *Bob Newhart Show.* Twelve of these entries are produced by Revue Studios, a subsidiary of MCA. On these thirty, as well as on other programs, MCA is also the talent agency for many of the star performers, directors, and writers. As *Television* magazine pointed out in a forecast of the season: "Except for the networks themselves, no other company will be as involved in as many network deals. . . . It all boils down to MCA getting some sort of cut from forty per cent to fifty per cent of all network prime time entertainment."

In serving simultaneously as an agent for employees and as an employer, MCA often sells its own clients to itself. Moreover, it has frequently functioned as a sales agent, with a ten per cent commission, for programs made by independent producers, and it has been said that these independents are much more likely to get the MCA talent they want if MCA is first hired to represent the final package.

MCA's practice of serving as both agent and employer will end by



September 30 next year, when the agency will have to choose between those two functions. The separation is being forced by the Screen Actors Guild, which has withdrawn its waivers allowing talent agencies to double as producers. Even when the surgery has been completed, however, MCA will remain a formidable influence in determining the content of nearly everything that goes by the name of entertainment in America. Balancing astutely its roles as employer and agent while swallowing up a number of its smaller competitors, MCA has been the leader in bringing big-business methods to the entertainment industry. A look in retrospect at how MCA has acquired its great concentration of power will illustrate not only the astonishing extent of that power but also its durability.

THE OFFICIALS of MCA are reluctant to be interviewed, and the company speaks to the press only through its public-relations staff. It is impossible to obtain a list of clients from the agency. This insistence on privacy has extended even to testimony in Federal Communications Commission hearings studying the morphology of television production. In March and October of 1960, Taft Schreiber, a vice-president of MCA, Inc., refused under subpoena to provide the FCC with a list of the television programs it represented or the names of the independent packagers to whom it leased Revue Studios, unless the FCC guaranteed a closed hearing and denied public access to the transcript. Indeed, without these conditions he refused to answer any questions at all.

The William Morris Agency, MCA's principal competitor, had

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complied fully with the FCC's requests; but Schreiber, as "a businessman and one, incidentally, who has every faith and confidence in the American principle of free enterprise," walked off the stand. The FCC has since brought court action to compel Schreiber to testify, but many in the trade would not be surprised if he were to choose jail rather than break MCA's rule of silence.

"When you work for MCA," a former employee has said, "your

loyalty is to MCA above all. Even above the clients you're representing. In fact, if you speak too strongly for a client's interest when that interest conflicts with MCA's, your days with the big team are likely to be numbered."

Within the agency itself, vigorous competition is encouraged. "Your most dangerous competitor," an MCA agent once remarked, "isn't some guy from William Morris or General Artists Corporation. It's a man across the hall." The pace is fast and hard. Even if an agent has been out until three or four in the morning mollifying a client, he is expected to be at his desk promptly the next morning.

There are compensations for the survivors. MCA pays its upper tier of executives well and adds bonuses and profit-sharing arrangements as well as generous expense accounts. Titles also abound. "We deal with so many important people," an MCA official explained to a friend, "that we have to have a lot of vice-presidents handy."

DESPITE the ceaseless internal pressures, MCA's staff confronts the outside world as one, and with soft-spoken reserve. Agents dress in the image of their president, Lew Wasserman—dark suits, white shirts, dark ties—and they diligently avoid the flamboyance of the vintage flesh peddler. When a half dozen MCA men filed soberly into a New York restaurant a few months ago, an actress looked up and sighed, "Here come the penguins."

The business of MCA is conducted in offices filled with antiques, most of which are leased to the corporation from the impressive collection of Chairman of the Board Jules Stein, who specializes in the artifacts of eighteenth-century England. Even the wood-paneled elevators in MCA buildings display British sporting prints to impress on visitors the fact that although the family they are about to call on is in trade, it has aristocratic tastes and habits of authority. The astute Dr. Stein, incidentally, although a Nixon supporter in 1960, has recently donated to the White House "complete furnishings of the eighteenth-century period for the long gallery on the second floor." Dynasties may change, but show business goes on forever.

Although MCA recruits its apprentice starmakers mostly from colleges—and occasionally makes MCA scholarships available—there are a few inductees from the older, rougher show-business tradition. One such agent, brought in from a small independent firm, was puzzled by one object of furniture in his new office and finally decided to keep his toothbrush on its ledge. An associate eventually informed him he was desecrating a *prie-dieu*. The same man came to work his first day in his usual uniform, including wrap-around coat. Wasserman stopped him in the corridor, eyed him coldly, extracted a dollar from his pocket, and ordered, "Get a buckle for that coat."

MCA employees must quickly learn to wield the power they possess with at least the appearance of genteel restraint. And that power is immense. To begin with, an MCA operator has an incomparable reservoir of talent at his disposal. MCA represents more than five hundred actors, some two hundred writers, one hundred television and film directors, and an impressive collection of producers, composers, and other practitioners of the lively arts. A small sampling of its roster includes Sir Laurence Olivier, Harry Belafonte, Cary Grant, Marlon Brando, Leslie Caron, Danny Kaye, Burt Lancaster, Jack Paar, Dean Martin, Ed Sullivan, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, William Inge, Jack Benny, Kirk Douglas, Gregory Peck, James Stewart, Anthony Perkins, Alfred Hitchcock, and Sir John Gielgud. "I just assume," a veteran film producer has remarked, "that everybody is an MCA client until I'm told otherwise."

On Broadway as in Hollywood, the star has come to enjoy an unprecedented control of subsidiary jobs, if only because the star attracts the investors. In many of the more heavily budgeted productions, it has often appeared that the star is on the road for MCA. When, for example, an MCA client is signed for a Broadway show with right of approval over the director, designer, choreographer, and the major supporting players, life can often be easier for the producer if he consults with MCA about *all* his casting problems. "I know," one Broadway entrepreneur has remarked, "that most of the time MCA can deliver the star's approval. In the process, its clients are apt to wind up with most of the key jobs. But if I ruffle MCA, it can give the star a long list of objections to the people *I* might have chosen. In short, when there's a fairly equal choice in this kind of situation between, let's say, an MCA director and one from another agency, it's more peaceful to hire the one from MCA."

In television—at least during the time the Screen Actors Guild waivers have been in effect—an independent packager trying to sell a new series to a network may discover that the particular stars he wants for that series are represented by MCA, and somehow are not currently available. MCA meanwhile may be trying to sell the same network its own Revue production involving the very stars the independent producer wanted. Whenever possible, MCA prefers to control the whole package.

There are certain advantages in keeping all parts of a production in

the family. When one arm of MCA, for example, hires actors and directors from the talent-agency division of MCA for a Revue production, the talent division does not collect its usual ten per cent. But when MCA sells the same Revue production, it gets a ten per cent commission on the total price of the whole

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package, a figure much higher than it would be if MCA's financial interest in the show were limited to talent commissions alone.

On occasion, MCA may produce a series in partnership with one of its leading stars. But since the series is produced at its own Revue Studios, MCA can also collect overhead and studio rental, thereby coming into a larger share of the eventual profit than its partners. When and if the same series is shown as a rerun, either on a network or in local markets, MCA as sales agent for the package takes another forty per cent off the top from network reruns, thirty to fifty per cent from non-network showings in this country, and fifty per cent from sales overseas.

THOSE who co-operate with MCA frequently find ample reason to appreciate the loyal service the company gives its favored clients. Several years ago Twentieth Century-Fox was preparing a $4-million production of *The Young Lions*. Two MCA clients—Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift—were scheduled for the star roles, and Tony Randall, a non-MCA property, had been offered the third lead. Dean Martin, represented by MCA, badly wanted his first important dramatic part, and an MCA emissary told the film studio that Brando and Clift had so high an opinion of Martin's acting ability that they could not do the picture if he were not also in the cast. He got the part.

Given this sort of efficiency, it is hardly surprising that talented young artists are eager to enroll under MCA's banner. MCA usually waits until a smaller agent has developed a client's commission-bearing potential, and then moves in. Most smaller agents are powerless to withstand the MCA raids.

MCA is more privy to advertising-agency, network, and film-company decisions than its competitors. In Hollywood, a resident MCA agent at each studio usually finds out the casting requirements of a picture by getting a look at the script ahead of any other outsider. MCA's sources in all media are many and high. It is generally believed in the trade that as part of its long-range policy MCA has helped a number of key film, television-network, and even advertising executives get their jobs. Somehow the agency usually knows well in advance exactly what kind of television program, for example, a sponsor or an agency wants and what time periods may be available on a network's schedule.

No one has yet denied *Fortune's* report of an evening in the spring of 1957 when Robert Kintner, president of NBC, called a meeting of that network's program chiefs. Also present was David A. ("Sonny") Werblin, an MCA vice-president who is his company's chief salesman of television shows. Kintner is quoted as saying, "Sonny, look at the schedule for next season. Here are the empty spots. You fill them." In that next season, NBC ran eight and a half hours a week of prime-time programming that MCA had either produced or sold. From the

1957-1958 season on, about twice as many MCA-connected shows appeared on NBC-TV as on ABC and CBS combined. In the past few months, however, a new bond seems to have developed between MCA and ABC, a network whose aggressive methods must surely command the respect of Mr. Werblin and his colleagues.

THE MAZE of MCA's resources is difficult to trace because the company has invested in stock and in a number of diversified enterprises in and out of the entertainment world, including hotels and other forms of real estate.

Among the most important assets of the vast enterprise, whose gross income last year was $67,317,103, is the 367-acre Universal-International Studios at Universal City, California, which it purchased in 1959 for $11.5 million from Universal Pictures. The largest film production facility in the United States, the Universal lot will soon be worth more than its purchase price as real estate alone. Besides, Universal Pictures is renting part of the studio facilities from MCA for ten years at $1 million a year. Other production companies pay rent; and as landlord, MCA has no problems in obtaining space for any of its own productions.

The MCA empire, which now includes a score of subsidiaries sizable in themselves, was founded in Chicago in 1924 by Dr. Jules Stein, an ophthalmologist, and the late Billy Goodheart, who was to become a show-business legend for his bad temper and remarkable selling skills. The milder but even more brilliant Stein had paid for his medical studies by first playing in bands and then booking them. He had done postgraduate work at the University of Vienna and was launched on his medical career when he realized that an astonishing amount of money was to be made in selling entertainment. Stein and Goodheart started the Music Corporation of America with a capitalization of one thousand dollars. In ten years, its annual gross was more than a million dollars.

By 1937, MCA's dominant position in the Midwest was illustrated by the discovery of a Chicago radio station that all the bands it broadcast between 8:30 and midnight each evening were booked by MCA. At about this time MCA expanded to New York and by 1938 represented sixty-five per cent of the country's major bands, as well as many important entertainers in other fields. Almost from the start, MCA adopted the technique of package selling that is now its stock in trade. As it branched into radio, the agency not only offered a sponsor the star but also the band, singers, guest personalities, producer, and announcer. Salesmen were made to understand that while any apprentice could sell Jack Benny, an MCA man's test for advancement was his ability to make sure that all the components of a program were from MCA's stable.

JULES STEIN'S resourcefulness was boundless. His side-line enterprises offered his clients insurance policies, automobiles, real estate, and accessories for orchestras, such as batons and fancy bandstands. Night clubs that booked Stein's bands could also serve Stein's whiskey, for during prohibition he had foresightedly bought up bonded-warehouse liquor certificates and was in the liquor

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business immediately after repeal. Yet another Stein company sold party hats, ash trays, and other novelties to the clubs.

By the late 1930's, MCA had earned the nickname "The Octopus." The agency's range extended to a percentage of the fees Fiorello La Guardia received as a radio commentator, and at one point MCA was trying to sell La Guardia to Hollywood as an actor. As it gained influence in motion pictures, MCA applied its "package" concept in that domain, often succeeding in having the star, writer, composer, and director under its protective control as well as having an investment in the film. In the mid-1940's, MCA already represented a third of the most important Hollywood stars.

In 1949, MCA entered television production. At first it sold only to the major networks. Three years later, MCA had also begun to sell directly to advertisers and to local stations. Gradually, by buying such properties as used negatives of *Dragnet* and other reruns together with its purchase of seven hundred pre-1948 Paramount pictures, MCA moved heavily into syndication. In addition to its control of much first-run network programming, MCA is increasingly active around the country and overseas in selling local and regional markets such reruns as *M-Squad, Mike Hammer, Riverboat, Shotgun Slade, Johnny Midnight,* and *Overland Trail.*

As these titles suggest, aesthetic quality has never been a primary consideration of the production end of MCA. A few of its original network offerings, such as *Wagon Train* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents,* have met with some critical success, but the average Revue production is an indistinguishable part of the "vast wasteland" of which FCC Chairman Newton Minow has spoken.

As CHAIRMAN of the board and the largest individual stockholder in MCA (about thirty-four per cent), Jules Stein still exercises considerable control over general policy. The day-to-day details of running the assembly line are in the capable hands of Lew Wasserman, who succeeded Stein as president in 1946 at the age of thirty-three. Born in Cleveland, Wasserman started in show business as a press agent for a movie theater, was hired by Stein in 1936 to take charge of MCA's Chicago publicity and advertising, became a vice-president based in New York in 1938, and was graduated to head MCA's motion-picture division two years later. Like Stein, Wasserman takes an active interest in charity work; he is vice-president of Research to Prevent Blindness, Inc., the favorite philanthropy of his predecessor. For the most part, however, Wasserman's life is bound up in MCA. He enjoys power, and so powerful does he consider his position as commander in chief of MCA that he refused an offer three years ago to take charge at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"Lew is shrewd and hard," a man who has had many dealings with him has reported, "but the core of his success is that he knows—and acts

on the knowledge—that show business is not always a business. It's based on emotions, on people being in the mood to produce. When he has to, Lew changes that poker face and can make an actor, writer, or producer feel that he is MCA's only client. Lew's second basic asset is that he really loves to make a deal. And for his people, especially his top people, he makes better deals than anyone because he knows so much about tax law and he knows what's happening everywhere in the business."

Nonetheless, a certain amount of dissatisfaction is to be detected among some second-level MCA clients. "You're all right here if you're a Brando," a moderately popular leading man has complained. "In that case, you bring in the really big commissions and you can be used as a wedge to get other MCA people into your picture. But if you're a lesser name—even if you make a hundred thousand bucks a year—you're not that important. The leading executives are always available to shake your hand when you sign, but if you get cold, some of them won't even recognize you on the street."

MCA's power would seem to have been seriously threatened by the Screen Actors Guild's recent decision not to renew waivers of union regulations permitting talent agents to function as producers. The waivers were first granted in 1952. In those early days of television, the union felt that allowing the agencies to go into production would encourage TV film production and employment in a depressed motion-picture industry. But the union has now concluded that "the waivers have served their purpose; the reasons for their creation no longer exist." The American Federation of Radio and Television Artists has joined the Screen Actors Guild in opposing the waivers; and according to both unions, after a six-month transition period starting January 1, any talent agency now also engaged in production will have to decide which of its two heads it wants to cut off. (MCA has been given a further extension to September 30, 1962.)

Since the talent agency accounts for only thirteen per cent of MCA's gross, it will doubtless be sacrificed. The further likelihood is that several key MCA executives, possibly headed by "Sonny" Werblin, will dutifully strip off their MCA insignia and head the talent agency under a new name—altogether independent of MCA, of course.

When and if the amicable divorce settlement takes place, one of its effects should be to reduce production costs to some extent in films and television, and to create a greater diversity of casting. "The ex-MCA talent agency," according to a hopeful competitor, "will no longer have so big a club to wave at producers."

There is also some hope that the divorce will help lower the crushing production expenses that are an increasingly ominous threat to the live theater. "One of the major causes of the alarming rises in costs," a New York theatrical lawyer is convinced, "has been the wildly unrealistic fees we have to pay stars—and we have no choice but to pay them—because today's theater audience appears less interested in the quality of a play than in the names on the marquee. The agents have been pushing up these fees insistently—MCA more than any of the others because with its multiple power it can really put on the pressure. If MCA becomes

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just a talent agency or just a producer, the pressure should drop."

At MCA itself, as usual, the mood is one of quiet confidence. For one thing, the Screen Actors Guild has not been altogether unpleasant to MCA. It has agreed—if MCA decides to cease being a talent agency next September—to allow the corporation to go into full-scale movie production for the first time. Already a major producer of television films, MCA could soon occupy an equally important position in movies. MCA has the lot and the facilities. The main question now is whether it will work through an established studio or operate by itself. In any case, MCA will have no problems establishing itself quickly in the motion-picture big leagues. As *Variety* has noted with an uncharacteristic understatement, MCA's "ability to effectuate the financing is generally conceded."

Although MCA was originally set up as a talent agency, the loss of that business would not appear to constitute a serious threat either to the company's income or to its all-pervasive power in the entertainment industry. Continuing to look to the future with a fondly acquisitive eye, MCA keeps fully abreast of all new developments that might enrich alert investors.

"Sight and sound" records, for example—albums that can be seen as well as heard at home—are considered to be a possible major source of new show-business profits within the next decade. No one is certain how long it will be before this first important post-television development becomes a negotiable reality, but MCA's Revue Productions is already dealing with managers and artists for long-term exclusive agreements to performers' services on "sight and sound" records that are to be produced and packaged by MCA. *Variety* reports that because of the high production costs of "sight and sound" projects, MCA "is asking the right of perpetual use in all fields: TV, home consumption, theatrical, soundtrack, etc." After MCA had recovered its costs, the artist would also receive a royalty in perpetuity.

"The artist and his heirs may not be around in perpetuity," a grimly experienced independent agent recently remarked. "But I wouldn't make any bets that MCA won't."

In the Grass, Alas

GERALD WEALES

THERE MAY BE an accidental symbolism in the token roles that directors and writers occasionally play in the movies they make. Take William Inge's brief part in *Splendor in the Grass,* made by Elia Kazan from the author's first original screenplay (published by Bantam Books to coincide with the release of the film). Inge plays the Reverend Mr. Whiteman, who in his two scenes reveals himself as kindly and ineffectual, moved by sympathy and cliché. No actor and with no part to act, Inge can only look out sadly from large and liquid eyes at a world in which good intentions are of no consequence and where all of us must settle for second best. The same eyes have been looking at the same world in all of Inge's plays, beginning with his first and best, *Come Back, Little Sheba.*

The difficulty with Inge is that the eyes have become misted over the years. None of his recent characters has the validity of Lola in *Sheba;* all of them display the mannerisms of domestic drama. Accent, Middle Western; social status, middle-class; problem, psychosexual; treatment, superficial. After *Sheba,* explanation crowds out characterization; psychology and symbolism, joined by a desire to prescribe (take two teaspoons of sexual compatibility in a glass of treacle), begin to take over Inge's plays. There are incidental virtues in *Picnic* and *Bus Stop,* but by the time we get the *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* and *A Loss of Roses,* Inge is a playwright whose sense of his own seriousness has smothered his real dramatic talent. *Splendor in the Grass* is a two-hour illustration, in Technicolor, of the unlikelihood of little Sheba's ever returning.

THE FILM chronicles the wages of non-sin, recounting the consequences that follow on the refusal of two high-school lovers to "go all the way" as the Inge idiom puts it. Bound by the small-town definition of a "nice girl," Bud Stamper and Deanie Loomis are driven by frustration—Deanie to a nervous breakdown, an attempted suicide, and several years in a Wichita psychiatric clinic, Bud to Yale and incipient alcoholism.

Admittedly, the film is not quite that simple, although it often seems to be. The central situation is fed by other bromidic streams rushing down from the Hollywood hills. Bud is plagued with a father who, crippled in a fall from an oil rig, expects a vicarious life in his son ("So you're running for both of us now"); Ace Stampler is a composite cliché of all the boisterous, blunt, and brutal self-made millionaire fathers who have peopled films and plays in the last fifteen years—a Karl Malden part completely lost on Pat Hingle. Deanie is plagued by a mother, a typical Inge frigid woman, passing her own insufficiencies on to her daughter as female folk wisdom; although her performance is occasionally too mannered, Audrey Christie, as Mrs. Loomis, is the only performer in the film who succeeds in bringing some life to an Inge stereotype. The nonsexual partner in each of these marriages is the familiar spouse-victim (like Morris in *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*), a pain on the periphery of the action. Inge also provides an object lesson for the young people, Bud's hysterical flapper sister, and suggestions of an economic background, the Kansas oil boom of the late 1920's. The film, then, does not differ notably from the plays of its author. On three counts, moreover, it is particularly Inge—its pretext of maturity, its preoccupation with therapy, and its unhappy happy ending.

"Maturity" is the stuff of which Inge is made. In a movie advertisement, it means that the film has accepted sex as a fact as well as a fantasy (the old stock in trade) and that it is prepared to discuss the matter frankly. Discuss! Borrowing Broadway's penchant for talking a situation to death, the moviemakers have made the long verbal analysis as much a necessity in the two-hour Technicolor talkathon as the English

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have the bed-and-slip scene in their recent search for truth in the Midlands. It is not surprising that Inge should find the new film form congenial. Once he has hit upon his movie's central problem, he is in a position to offer us discussions between Bud and Deanie on whether they should or should not, advice from Bud's father ("There was always two kindsa girls"), advice from Deanie's mother ("A woman doesn't enjoy those things like a man does"), boy talk from naked football players in the shower room after the game (in European films they undress women). There are a few warm petting scenes, a suggestion of group sex in the country-club parking lot, and one scene between Bud and the high-school "bad girl" under a waterfall. But none of these comes to much; the last one, which according to the printed screenplay is supposed to be a passionate sex scene, looks more like a Zest ad on television.

So much for the maturity of the Inge problem. On to the facing of it. The American playwright has always been prone to pedagogy, accustomed to clinging to the lapels of the audience instead of cutting through to its heart and mind. Sometimes the solutions have been economic, the suggested action social. With Inge, as with so many of the playwrights of the 1950's, the solution, like the problem, is psychological; the therapy is understanding. Increasingly, Inge's plays have forced the characters into lengthy confessions. In *Splendor in the Grass*, he finally gets what he wants. Instead of the lay analysis of the plays, he sends Deanie to a real psychiatrist (a sincere-looking man in a white coat) and plumps for real therapy. One of the difficulties here is that neither Deanie nor her mother is a completely realized character, and the complicated psychological interplay between them can only be suggested and seems false in the suggestion.

After the therapy, the peace. What Deanie finds in the sanitarium, Bud finds outside. Robbed of the love of their youth, "the hour/Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower," as the Wordsworth epigraph has it, they "will grieve not, rather find/Strength in what remains behind." At the end of the picture, Bud is married to Angelina, the Italian girl who befriended him in his drunkenness in New Haven, and is ranching and raising a family; Deanie is going to marry a young doctor who was a patient with her in Wichita. "Are you happy, Bud?" she asks in their last scene. "I guess so, Deanie," he answers. "I never ask myself that question very often though." Between them they agree that "You gotta take what comes." Although not with each other, Bud and Deanie end, like so many Inge couples, in the consolation of the marital embrace. In *Splendor in the Grass* Inge is once again working the same old stand, selling the cure-all of the times, love, and making the usual muted claims for its curative powers: a sedative that puts you a little to sleep.

The failure of *Splendor in the Grass* is not all William Inge's. His clichés of idea and characterization do their part, but the performances, with the possible exception of Miss Christie's, are uniformly bland. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty (he grimaces as though frustration were only a pain in the groin, which I do not think is Inge's point) are never convincing as high-school students, suffering or not. The minor characters, the schoolteachers for instance, are pure caricature, particularly disappointing after Rosemary in *Picnic*.

A great part of the blame for the dullness of the film, however, lies with Elia Kazan. On other occasions he has let the camera help the author tell his story. Here, his images are as spongy as the ones that Inge's screenplay suggests: "Voluptuous clouds drift sensuously by." Despite the 1920's interior, the old cars, the costumes, and the right kind of houses, the film achieves no texture of its own, never creates either the Kansas town of the period or an acceptable artistic substitute. Kazan's only contribution is his usual overstuffing of the big scenes. The famous Kazan hypo—guaranteed to energize any drama—seems to be filled with sugar water in the case of *Splendor in the Grass*.

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

This is a salute to the young people who risk their livelihoods for the sake of living. I mean the young who act on Broadway and off, who sing in squares or coffeehouses, or picket the bomb. And I mean specifically the young who perform in *From the Second City*, the young who made *Look: We've Come Through* a beautiful play, and the young who were hemmed in by the police behind barricades in a side street of New York because they were picketing—or trying to picket—the Soviet U.N. mission.

Chicago sent us the *From the Second City* troupe, and I caught up with them lately playing to a half-empty theater half filled with people half as intelligent as they were. They have strange names—Severn Darden, Alan Arkin, and Howard Alk give you some idea—and rather strange faces: alarmingly sensitive, with hair growing strangely on their heads or faces. I refer, of course, to the men, none of whom would impress a personnel officer very favorably. The girls, Barbara Harris and Mina Kolb, are pretty and clever, but Miss Harris is much more than that. Her round cherub face manages to convey almost every contemporary female aberration from the middle-class culture vulture to the *West Side Story* doll, and her mannerisms of diction and gesture are in each case irresistibly comic.

Though some of their shafts against the world's inanities are sharper than others, they share a brilliant sense of the moment and a healthy sense of values. These young people are intolerant of stupidity and pretense, whether they find it in Beat poetry or television interview-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 44

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
170 138 100 144 122 220 42 90
"I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes ___." Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

B
84 206 211 12 148 Equal to 100 kopecks.

C
88 1 216 74 162 18 96 52 62
Concerning the learning of the alphabet.

D
15 32 158 176 104 214
"But oh, beamish _____, beware of the day, If your Snark be a Boojum!" Lewis Carroll, "The Hunting of the Snark."

E
86 134 46 8 126
"Kitty has no discretion in her _____ s." Jane Austen, "Pride and Prejudice."

F
6 40 130 24 192 224 Injurious action (3,3).

G
78 92 66 180 36 56 136 116 82 80 218
154 72 20 4
Position of the Acrostician (7,8).

H
178 150 132 168 2 190 186
The Ethiopian king who was the husband of Cassiopeia and the father of Andromeda.

I
182 58 160 76 172 120
Ugly in disposition or temper. (Dial.)

J
106 212 60 208 14 142 50 198 102
174 98 34 $K_3Fe(CN)_6$.

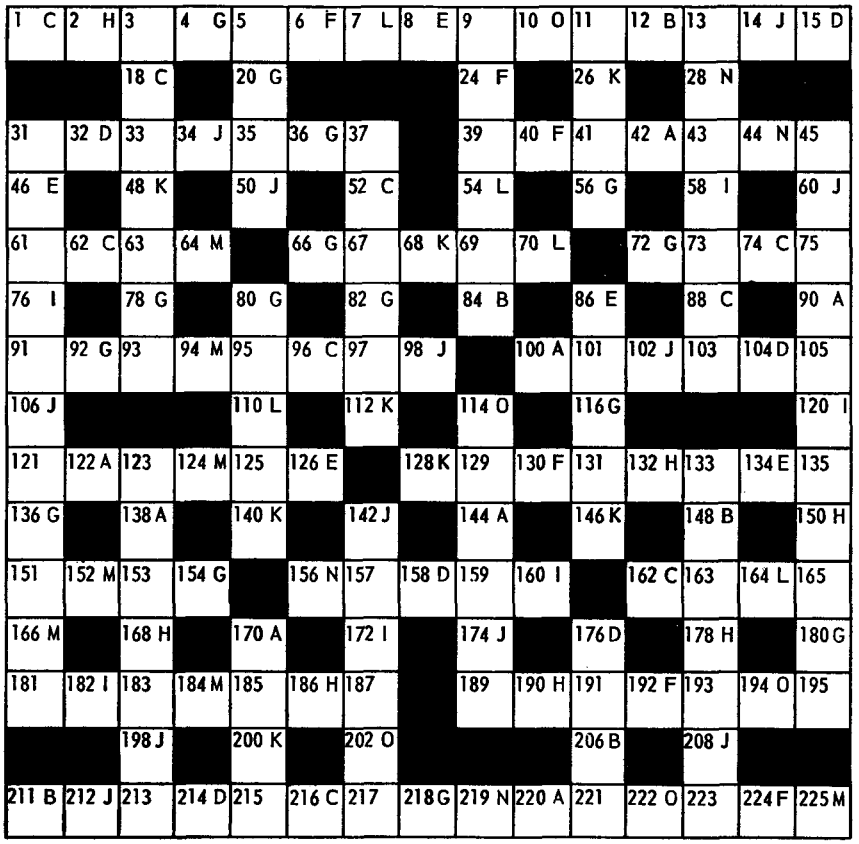
K
146 48 128 112 200 68 140 26
"Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot, my father, and . . . bid him____ of this unstable world." Malory, "Morte D'Arthur."

L
110 7 54 164 70
A cask holding 10 old wine gallons.

M
94 124 166 184 64 152 225
"Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er, But liv'd in Settle's _____ one day more." Pope, "The Dunciad."

N
156 219 44 28
Common European fish with a thick fusiform body.

O
202 114 10 222 194
"Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant_____ Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,.." Masefield, "Cargoes."



ACROSS

1. Job for the barber at the zoo, or what Nasser was doing over Suez? (8,3,4)
31. Dream of Eve? In a railroad, that is.
39. Shut the portrait photographer's work. (5,2)
61. Musical instrument found in especially responsible hands.
66. Color when I am before a little Confederate who's up and about.
72. Cite a croquet shot.
91. Phone and extend a sign of generosity. (4,4)
100. Ten pound note about to curdle.
121. A bird that's largely in a hurry.
128. A celebrated lady of wild vocabulary held in abysmal (apropos of nothing) circumstances.
151. Major or Minor in U.S.A. or in the heavens.
156. Fowl deeds will rise when you put a head covering on.
162. Need a P.M. in the garden?
181. Let the British medical man boast. It's a boast, for sure!
189. Tending to persuade an Oriental vegetable with 151 across.
211. Does this kind of reading take place in No Man's Land? (7,3,5)

DOWN

3. A setback fictional hero.
5. With this boat you may do the railway.
9. Neckpiece from Kaintuck--er, down-under rations, anyway.
11. Armor for better osculation.
13. Peninsula where the Acrostician is located.
31. Not a plan for those who count on their fingers? (4,2,5)
37. Fur animal of a determined sort.
45. High price of a beautiful coin (6,5)
80. Aches in pursuit.
86. Raced in a wood.
114. A first-class post, but in provincial language.
123. Hurry! Dull the floor covering. (4,3)
133. An Indian grain suitable for Russians? (3,4)
142. A container for a Dickens hero?
170. Glory may be found in several if a menial tries.
176. I hear there's pull in an auditorium.

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ers, in world leaders or academic minds, but their own vulnerability gives them compassion too: they know how naked we are.

From the Second City should not be playing in a big theater but in a small cabaret, with drinks on the side and smoke in the air. And I wonder how many of the people who watch these antics on a bare stage know the kind of courage it takes to perform in this emptiness of space and against this sluggishness of mind. Broadway has blunted the appetite for satire by providing the obvious, creating lazy audiences.

By permitting no state between hit and failure, Broadway has also committed a new murder. Hugh Wheeler, who gave us *Big Fish, Little Fish* last year, wrote an imperfect but a wry, touching, and often lovely play in *Look: We've Come Through.* It is about young people in New York, three on the make, one on the town, and two on a journey toward truth; and it was superlatively acted by six young people who made every moment of the tenuous but scrupulously honest story a fresh experience. Collin Wilcox, who had appeared on Broadway only once before, gave one of the most illuminating and moving performances I have ever seen as the young newcomer with all the "wrong" external attributes as a girl and all the right instincts as a human being. Awkward, sloppy, with stringy hair, slipping glasses, and tentative gestures, Belle Dort is the small-town girl who wants to grow in the bigness of the city. And we see her grow—in wisdom, in beauty, and in awareness of the brutalities and corruptions of a success-infected society. She grows also in love, with a boy as defenseless and groping as herself (flawlessly played by Ralph Williams) who is turned away from homosexuality by the common needs they share. I find it incredible that some critics found the play sordid. Sex there was, explicit and implicit, and three of the six characters involved were hardly savory. But never did Mr. Wheeler use sex or corruption for their own sake and never did he lose sight of the spiritual content in his basic theme: the painful search of the intelligent young for their identity and meaning.

If the intelligent young had seen *Look: We've Come Through,* they would have recognized themselves. But the young cannot afford Broadway, and Broadway cannot afford such explorations without conclusions. It's not hit material, see?

Now we come to Sixty-eighth Street between Madison and Park on a sunny October Saturday. And here we come to young people again—young New Yorkers, scruffy and sallow and rather poorly groomed, who wanted to show the Russians what they thought of bomb tests and of the arms race in general. They milled around quietly with their handmade placards, about as menacing as a morris dance, but twenty-odd police had enclosed them in a small section of street behind barricades and out of sight of the Soviet mission, as if *they* were disturbing the peace. (Twenty-one who actually did, by squatting at the mission entrance, were arrested.) There was something profoundly shabby about this penning of young people in an isolation ward to prevent them from contaminating the public. And indeed, some of the citizens outside the pen hurried past with faintly anxious glances, as if they might catch something: courage, possibly, or commitment to an ideal.

Many of these young people may have been neither noble nor wise, but I salute them and wish there were thousands more of them.

And the Master Sings Like the Slave

FRED GRUNFELD

Deya, Mallorca

Mallorca is one of the few places in Europe where, if you are lucky or persistent, you can still find folk songs in their native habitat, where you can walk among fields or orchards and actually hear men and women singing songs they never heard on the radio, songs that Mother taught them six hundred years ago. The summer poets and painters who come to Mallorca from France and Britain thinking they're bringing art to a desert island are almost without exception unaware that the Muses have long since made themselves at home among the olive and almond farmers.

Wherever western folk music has a dynamic pulse beat, there is often an African or an Asian somewhere in the background. Mallorca's farm poetry goes back to the days when the Moors occupied the island, seven centuries ago. When an old woman sings during the olive harvest, her words are Mallorquín (a lineal descendant of Provençal) but her melody rises and falls with the snakelike undulations of an Arab chant. The only accompaniment, the only punctuation, is the thud of her stout pole against the branches:

And I stand on a hill
And in the crown of an olive tree
High on the hill.
And here in the heights
I can truly pray; for a lover
And for a painless fall
If I should tumble from my branch
High on the hill.
The branches of my olive tree
All look toward heaven
And you can tell Miguel
That when he comes to see me
I shall belong to him,
I shall belong to him . . .

The olives and almonds grow on thousands of terraces built stone by stone up the mountain slopes by those supposedly "shiftless, slothful" Moors. Naturally the Christians still had need of the Moors after they had conquered them and taken over their plantations, so great numbers were later imported as slaves. Most Americans understand something of the subtle process by which the master ends up singing like the slave. The humorless Catalans from the

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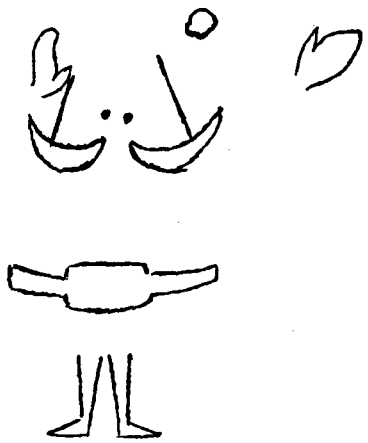
Don't guess...



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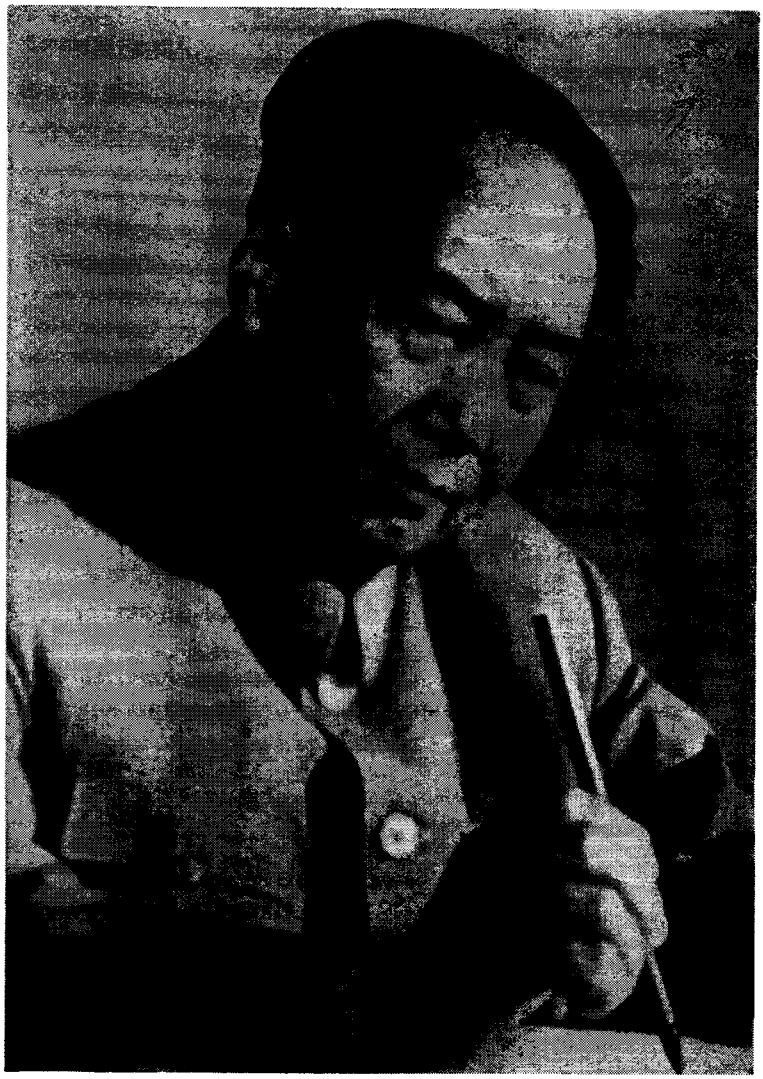

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north obliterated nearly every trace of Moorish architecture except the terraces and irrigation systems. They brought their own harsh, foursquare dances to the island—dances about as subtle as a box on the ear—but they could not displace the native work songs. Down to the present generation grass could not be cut, or grain threshed, or oil pressed, or nuts gathered without them. Mules, horses, asses, donkeys, and jennets learned to recognize which part of a song was addressed to them and which might be safely disregarded:

A-i-i-i-i!
Move on, Red One, move on!
Now, miller's daughter,
I must leave your door
And when I see that your gate
Closes behind me
My feet refuse to go on,
And turn back again.
No, surely I cannot go further
Away from you.
Move on, Red One,
Move on, A-i-i-i-i!
And as I stood in the middle
Of the road
And I could no longer see
Your gate,
I said "Farewell, Mallorca"—
A-i-i-i-i!
Farewell, Mallorca, from the middle of the road.
Whoa, Red One, whoa!

Women and girls are expected to behave most decorously on this island, but sometimes in collecting their songs I have trouble deciding whether a mule or a man is meant:

Come, Blue One, the grass is dry!
One day, as I went to the well . . .
Come, Blue One, move up, move on!
I looked carefully at his legs. . . .
Come, move on with the hay, I say!
And he reminded me of a camel!
Whoa there, stand still!

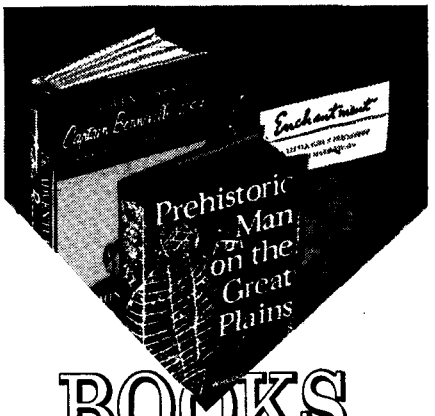
Hard-working people have neither the breath nor the inclination to sing wide melodic intervals; they shift the notes of their tune one or two steps at a time. As in Gregorian chant, the words determine the length and outline of each song. Music follows poetry the way smoke curls with the breeze when a light south wind blows.

Sometimes the rhythms of a song may adjust to the hoofbeats of a mule circling the threshing floor or an olive press, but most of them have no regular meter at all. Because Christians could never quite manage the liquid, quivering vocal line of their Moorish slaves, the Mallorquín songs sound less nervous, more gravely hieratic than the originals. Usually only the old people can still sing them, and since written musical notation would scarcely do them justice, I have tape-recorded all I could find. Radio has nearly succeeded in wiping out the tradition, for if young people sing at work at all they usually hum a pop-hit love ditty of vaguely Neapolitan antecedents. One old farmer I recorded, however, put his radio to better use: he always listened to the endless singsong music programs of African stations just across the water. What he learned from those nasal charmers gave his voice just the right twang when it came to singing Mallorquín threshing songs (though folk-song purists might rule him out as an instance of artificial *ex post facto* cross-pollenization).

In another decade or two the island poets will no longer sing to the open sky and the process of cultural erosion will be complete. Church-sponsored folk-dance troupes supposedly uphold the old music, but they cultivate only the *danzas típicas* that mainlanders can do much better. Already when winter rains wash a Moorish wall away, farmers string barbed wire and let the terrace collapse. Soon even the fishermen, who cling to their ways even more tenaciously than the farmers, will no longer challenge each other from boat to boat:

Sailor, sailor, what are you thinking?
Let's see if you can make a song
That you can sing for me tonight:
Sailor, what are you thinking?
And whose net hauls the greater catch?

You see the winds: morning wind and evening wind,
East wind and west wind;
Sailor, I want the winds of the whole world,
Breeze, gale, and mistral, all winds!



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BOOKS

The Courage to Be Simple

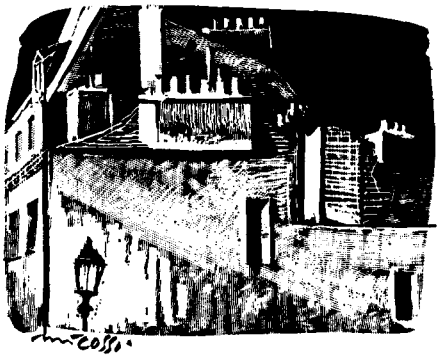
MARTIN GREENBERG

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, by Frances Winwar. *Random House. $6.*

The twentieth century hasn't had much use for Rousseau. In an era of world wars, fanatical totalitarian movements, and the deliberate extermination of whole peoples, followed by the development of weapons capable of destroying the human race, it has seemed grotesque to talk about the "natural goodness" of man. Of course, it was just Rousseau's point that, although "nature has made man happy and good, society debases him and makes him miserable." But the horrors of our time have been so gigantic that it has seemed to many a kind of evasion to blame them on society, a typical—indeed the archetypical—example of the liberal-sentimental effort to deny man's responsibility for himself. It isn't so much society that is at fault—although of course it is at fault too—as man himself, because evil is part of his nature. If it is a question of which eighteenth-century spirit came closest to the truth, the answer is not Jean-Jacques Rousseau but the Marquis de Sade; if you want to know what human nature is like, read *Justine,* not *La Nouvelle Héloïse*—so it has been the tendency to think in our time.

Moreover, Anglo-American literary culture, dominated for many years by the influence of T. S. Eliot, has had only contempt for Rousseau and the Romanticism of which he was the begetter, if any man may be said to have begotten so universal a movement. Rousseau had exposed the hollowness and insufficiency of all those lucidly stated conceptions and beautiful, fixed forms—ethical, political, and religious as well as literary—which the traditional reason of western civilization had evolved over the centuries to define and express reality, and which were brought to a brilliant consummation in the latter half of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth. Eliot the critic reaffirmed these forms and conceptions with fastidious disdain for the flounderings of modern Rousseauan man in the new reality, although his own chief poetical work, *The Waste Land,* mourned in its fragmentariness of form and hopelessness of feeling the irreparable collapse of the old order.

The influence of Freud, too, worked against Rousseau, in a complicated way, even though there is an obvious affinity between the two thinkers. The "tragic" Freud seemed to demonstrate the perversity and antisocial character of natural man, with his ineradicable ("instinctual") wickedness (although Freud of course as a scientist eschewed all



words drawn from the ethical-religious vocabulary); the task of civilization required that the antisocial tendencies of natural man should be repressed or redirected into acceptable channels. Thus human existence was at best a tragic compromise, full of discontents and sadness, and not at all Rousseau's path of perfectibility. Of course, there was the other Freud, existing less in Freud himself than in the tendency of the psychoanalytic movement, who seemed to have released natural man from the cellar in which he had been imprisoned to fulfill his desires in radical freedom—but he was far removed in his sophistication and personalism from the highly moral, highly political Rousseau.

So Rousseau has been rather condescended to—as a sentimentalist, muddle-headed Romantic, and, in the *Confessions,* as a disgusting exhibitionist of his own dubious personality. (Eliot had written squeamishly—though it seemed marvelous *hauteur* to me when I first read it years ago—that "Only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.") This condescension even touches Rousseau's most recent translator, J. M. Cohen; he speaks in his introduction to the Penguin edition of the *Confessions* about Rousseau's "rather muddled intuitions," and finds it strange that his ideas about natural innocence "should be so naïvely shown to owe their inspiration merely to the overstimulated infancy of a motherless child . . . and to its rough interruption by a premature encounter with the rough ways of the world."

THE AUTHOR of the Encyclopaedia Britannica's article on Rousseau also writes condescendingly: "His moral character was undoubtedly weak, but it is fair to remember that but for his astounding *Confessions,* the more disgusting parts of it would not have been known, and that these *Confessions* were written, if not under hallucination, at any rate in circumstances entitling the self-condemned criminal to the benefit of considerable doubt." By calling Rousseau's character weak mainly on the evidence of the *Confessions,* and then by inconsistently raising doubts about the reliability of these *Confessions,* the writer is able to disparage both Rousseau and his *Confessions* and thus avoid the radical questions that Rousseau raises about the nature of "moral character." The Britannica writer's own words suggest that he thinks moral character is to a large extent the same as moral reputation—what is "known"—which is indeed one of the ways in which the world resolves for itself the painful split between traditional moral ideals and the actuality. But Rousseau was brave enough to face this split, and in his own person. By the light of his own life, he illuminates it, not in any morbid or cynical spirit but in order to deepen our understanding and acceptance of our own nature.

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for the most part free of condescension. But it is written in the style of modern biography—that is, more or less like a novel—and is completely inadequate to Rousseau's stature as a towering spirit of the modern age and a still active shaper of the world. Miss Winwar conscientiously refers to his works and ideas as she traces his life (except for *The Social Contract*, which is indeed a difficult work), but her discussion of them is quite perfunctory; she is not really concerned with him as a thinker. The biography is not sensational or full of spurious drama and seems accurate in its facts. But if it is sober it is also insipid, because of its failure to appreciate the living strength and pertinence of Rousseau's ideas.

As a straightforward account of Rousseau's life, the book is also unsatisfactory. You do better to read the extraordinary *Confessions*; you do a great deal better if you also read his letters. I don't see where the author has profited from her advantage as a biographer to improve on Rousseau's own understanding of himself. Miss Winwar doesn't really have any opinions about Rousseau, but she wishes to do a faithful job; she is not out to debunk him, but neither is she an enthusiast. The result is a humdrum life that goes along more or less with Rousseau's own account of things, only deprecating with mild irony its subject's intensities and enthusiasms—his sentimentality (though the author avoids this word).

I WONDER if Rousseau is the sentimentalist we take him for. Only consider his famous (many have thought it infamous) relationship with the much older Madame de Warens as he reports it in the *Confessions*—where was he foolish or deluded or hypocritical in his rapturous feeling for her? On the contrary, he drew from that relationship a fund of confidence and encouragement, not to speak of practical assistance, that was indispensable to his future creative life. Here is how he describes it:

"From the first day the sweetest intimacy was established between us, and it continued to prevail during the rest of her life. 'Little one' was my name, hers was 'Mamma,' and we always remained 'Little one' and 'Mamma,' even when the passage of the years had almost effaced the difference between our ages. The two names, I find, admirably express the tone of our behaviour, the simplicity of our habits and, what is more, the relation between our hearts. To me she was the most tender of mothers, who never thought of her own pleasure but always of my good. And if there was a sensual side of my attachment to her, that did not alter its character, but only made it more enchanting. I was intoxicated with delight at having a young and pretty mamma whom I loved to caress. I use *caress* in the strict sense of the word, for she never thought of grudging me kisses or the tender caresses of a mother, and it never entered my thoughts to abuse them. It will be objected that we had in the end a relationship of a different character. I agree. But . . . I cannot tell everything at the same time."

When we trundle out those blunt instruments, the axes of psychological categorization, and reduce Rousseau's feeling to a "mother fixation" or whatever, we are trying to rob his life posthumously. Byron said that Rousseau "threw enchantment over passion." The world seemed to glow for him with vivider colors, his feelings seemed to burn with more intensity—*life* seemed more intense for him. Was he a fool for that? He was one of the first to feel keenly the inadequate vitality of civilized man; like D. H. Lawrence, he feared that "vitally, the human race is dying." Like Lawrence, he was dazzled by the "glamor" of human possibilities and he preached rebirth, not, however, through an impossible return to ancient forms as Lawrence wished but by casting off old forms and discovering better ones.

ERNST CASSIRER, in one of the best appraisals that I know of Rousseau's difficult thought, *The Question of Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (edited in the English edition by Peter Gay), and on which I have leaned heavily, writes: "Rousseau created a new responsibility for evil: neither God nor man, but human society." He called society into question by demanding that it justify itself in ethical terms, instead of accepting it, as it had al-

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ways been accepted, as unchanged, as given, as fate. The whole elaborate structure of civilization now had to justify itself. Nothing could be taken for granted any more; mankind, rejecting fate and necessity, was launched on the great project of its self-determination. It will never again be possible to relieve society of its moral responsibility; it will never be possible to call the project off, although it may be suspended for long periods. After Rousseau, there is no way but forward along the path of perfectibility. We may backslide as much as we please, but we can face in no other direction. Rousseau's "naïveté," his shattering candor, was not simplicity but moral courage; he drew his courage from his conviction, which ushered in a new age, that man's nature, like society, was not hopelessly given, but innocent and good in the sense of being capable of being reborn and realizing itself in a new, more human existence. As has been observed more than once about Rousseau's state of nature, it lies in the future toward which we have no choice any longer but to struggle, not in the past to which we can never go back.

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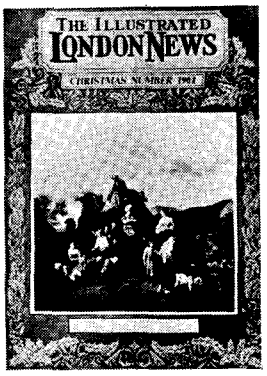

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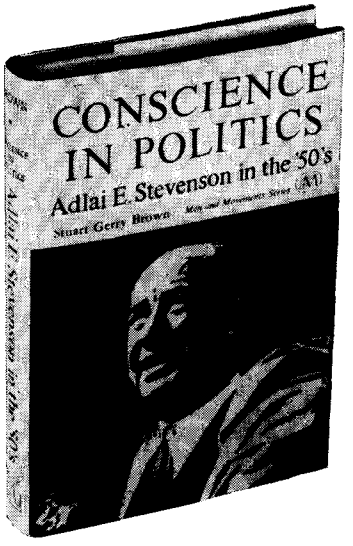

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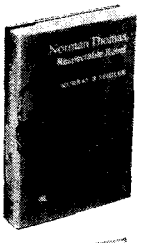

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he is bored, then he ceases to sleep with her because he is bored. His intolerable boredom goes so far that he cannot even believe in the real existence of the objects around him, and so the blank canvas is as meaningful (or meaningless) as the painted one. Dino might be called the father of the Non-Action Painters. He even conceives of a *noia* theory of history, sacred and secular:

". . . In the beginning, therefore, was boredom, vulgarly called chaos. God, bored with boredom, created the earth, the heaven, the waters, living creatures, the plants, Adam and Eve; the latter, in turn bored with Paradise, ate the forbidden fruit. God became bored with them and expelled them from Eden; Cain, bored with Abel, killed him; Noah, bored really a bit too much, invented wine; God, once more bored with mankind, destroyed the world with the flood; but this in turn bored him to such a degree that God brought back the good weather. And so on. The great Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, or Roman Empires rose from boredom and fell from boredom: boredom with paganism gave birth to Christianity; boredom with Catholicism to Protestantism; boredom with Europe caused the discovery of America; boredom with feudalism provoked the French Revolution; and boredom with capitalism the Russian Revolution . . ."

I TRANSLATE from the Italian edition, which is pertinently entitled *La Noia*. The novel has had considerable popular success in Italy, and won the Viareggio Prize, arousing as usual the various ranks of *"tendenza"* into action. Leftist critics such as Giancarlo Vigorelli consider this the culmination of the arc of Moravia's production, a profoundly "moral" work which serves to demonstrate that a society indifferent to human values ends by reducing man to a state of boredom with existence. Rather than considering it a novel of "erotomania," of "lurid gloom"—as it has been described by some other critics here—we are admonished to read it in reverse, so to speak. Then the lucid cruelty—and crudity—will assume not only psychological but also ideological and sociological dimensions. These critical tricks may be amusing but they turn our face

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away from the book itself. What is the author getting at?

The root of Dino's *noia* is a rupture with living, an incapacity to believe in the actual existence of anything around him—what is called in French existentialist jargon "the absurdity of the real." His desperate affair with a trollop is, despite all the explicit descriptions of sex, an abstract effort to achieve by carnal possession a grasp on some reality outside himself. He desires her when he fears to lose her; he loses her entirely the moment he possesses her. In this mathematical-psychological game of how many negatives can make a positive, Signor Moravia performs some of his best writing. A chapter dealing with the lover, tormented by jealousy, spying on his girl ranks among the most powerful pages of this fecund and always intelligent writer, and reminds me of a similar passage that occurs in Zola's *Nana*.

INDEED, despite the fact that he is the Italian novelist with the greatest world-wide reputation, Alberto Moravia is not an Italian writer at all; he is a French writer writing in Italian. The existentialist void in which his characters move, the deadly self-conscious solemnity with which they brush their teeth or go to bed with each other, the clinical precision with which a sense of incommunicability is communicated (like the philosopher Bergson analytically demonstrating the limitations of analysis), the device of the first-person *récit*—all these qualities belong rather in the camp of Sartre, Camus, Jouhandreau, and Gide than with Brancati, Pratolini, Calvino, or Pirandello. Italians as a people smile easily. But Moravian characters never smile (I have never seen Moravia himself smile—though I suppose he does); his women, especially, are all sleepwalkers who, gripped by the life force, perform what they must while their minds are somewhere else. The men are passive victims of female sex hunger, and indeed one would gather the impression from the works of many Italian novelists and film-makers that Italy is a huge beehive where the queens devour the drones once they have performed their function. A recurrent phrase is: "Women have consumed me." If

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this trend continues, they'll be arresting ladies for rape!

But of course it's all made up. Moravia is continuing his explorations in limbo, and the basic difference between his earliest *Gli Indifferenti* of more than thirty years ago and his latest *La Noia* is that the field of observation has narrowed with the increasing focusing of his sex obsession.

In this somnambulistic charade, the characters perform their various abominations with impassive mask faces. I am reminded of the Belgian painter Delvaux—naked ladies walking calmly down city streets amidst trolley cars and gentlemen in derbies. Everything here is real and I just don't believe it. Fifteen minutes after they have met for the first time, Cecilia is seated nude on a divan alongside the clothed painter, who is questioning her about the most intimate details of her relationship with his predecessor, and the girl is blandly answering as if she were talking about buying toothpicks. Similarly, Moravia's prose—usually an efficient instrument: a scalpel, an X ray—tends in his book to drop into the drone of professorial exposition. In the Italian text entire passages are sutured with demonstrative linkages such as *"In altri termini"* (in other words), *"Dunque"* (hence, therefore), *"Stia a sentire"* (Now listen carefully), *"Ripeto"* (I repeat), *"Prendiamo un esempio materiale"* (Let us take a concrete example). All this in conversation with a naked girl beside you on the divan! Dino is explaining why he doesn't want to make love with her. He changes his mind a few pages later.

Moravia is not a pornographer. He is rather a moralist who writes non-morality plays to demonstrate a thesis: "Cecilia's body was not Cecilia and that which was Cecilia I was not able to know." But is it necessary to write like a *voyeur* in order to demonstrate something so obvious as that? Moravia's puppets are truly obsessed. Like all neurotics, they are unaware of what goes on around them, or interpret it from so personal an angle that all landscape becomes inscape. Set in one of the most beautiful of all countries, Moravia's work either ignores the external world entirely, or else describes it in detail only when it is ugly (Cecilia's house) or serves as background to an ugly relationship (Dino's mother's house). The beauty of Italy doesn't exist because of the blighted people who inhabit it.

In this book, the most precise description is reserved for a woman's body or the act of copulation. Oddly enough, although Signor Moravia never fails to stress the fullness of Cecilia's breasts and flanks, she remains two-dimensional and she has no face.

Dimensionality in fiction results from the complexity of the characterization, and although they have plenty of complexes, Moravia's people are not complex. They are, rather, stripped-down exemplars of leading ideas. Hence the critical-expository tone. This Italian writer is always illustrating a thesis, arguing a case. In *La Noia,* the case is "rapport with reality," but since the author is demonstrating and explaining more often than he is presenting, we are held by his intellectual verve, while aware all the time that we are witnessing nothing but a sex-puppet show.

MORAVIA'S writing—notwithstanding his immense skill in contriving situations and keeping a story moving—belongs to what might be called the school of Spurious Realism. Spurious because a segment of reality viewed right under the nose ceases to be real. The Franz Kline blob of the jacket of the Italian edition was extremely well chosen. For non-figurative painting is frequently nothing but gigantic enlargements of snippets of Old Masters. The modern vision is characterized by this fixed—rather, transfixed—staring at fragments or segments of reality until under the hypnotic gaze, the fragment swims into the unreal, reality drips and splatters. So we arrive at Spurious or Close-up Realism. We are dealing here not with breadth of subject but angle of vision. The art of miniature, for example, is still concerned with wholes, though drastically reduced. A short story of twenty pages may have a sense of the full possibilities of human behavior, while a three-hundred-page novel may not. Spurious or Close-up Realism is concerned with a few functions and not with total human beings. A function is

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not a person, no matter how "realistically" it may be described.

One has the impression that certain writers become the victims rather than the masters of their obsessions. Many great novelists (perhaps all) are obsessed by a few themes or even a single fixed theme—Hemingway by the art of dying, Melville by a pessimistic grapple after good and evil, Mann by culture as decay. But artists like Moravia, I feel, write themselves into cages in their desperate efforts to write themselves out of cages. What commands our attention always is the intelligence of the hysteria.

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stake in honest government and honest business.

The brilliance of this reform period was heightened by the political stagnation and public lethargy of the preceding decades. Social problems had accumulated through neglect, in the rise of trusts and the power of bosses. The crusading of the Muckrakers was given scope by the rise of popular magazines under creative editors—*McClure's, Collier's, Everybody's,* the *Independent,* the *American Magazine,* and *Cosmopolitan.* The remarkable group of writers whose work swelled the circulation of these magazines as they illuminated the American scene were themselves a product of their time, the angry young men of the new generation, seeking the answers to the sickness of their society. Most notable among them were Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Ida M. Tarbell, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Upton Sinclair, Will Irwin, Charles Edward Russell, C. P. Connolly, David Graham Phillips. Their work was a rare combination of thorough research and brilliant writing. Their exposures were uninhibited and documented. They named names. They described in vivid realism the rotten conditions of immigrants' slums, of uninspected meat packing, of protected vice, of bought legislatures and unconscionable boodle in public and private business.

Arthur and Lila Weinberg have brought back that luminous era with a selection of twenty-eight of the most significant articles that stirred America between 1902 and 1912. The Weinbergs' historical introduction sets the scene for the living literature that changed America, and they have presented each exposure in a background frame of the conditions it attacked and the public response. This is a rich slice of social history, a lively restoration of the mood of an era. It recovers a vital chapter in the American magazine, itself then in transition from the genteel literary periodical of the 1890's, to a medium that commanded public attention to social needs. The editors are less successful in explaining why this vibrant era of journalism ended and the magazines abandoned their role of exposure. They offer only tentative suggestions of a variety of causes. A public that had responded to the shock of exposure grew tired of it. Much had been achieved. Changing habits made long, studied articles less appealing. The writers themselves, in the churning politics of 1912, went diverse ways, some with T.R., some with Wilson, some all the way with Eugene Debs. The question Who killed the Cock Robin of Muckraking? could have had a clearer answer had the editors more fully developed the significant relation of several factors.

First, Hearst moved in, buying the *Cosmopolitan* and distorting reform to sensationalism. Yellow journalism discredited exposure. The debasement of Muckraking is nakedly exhibited in the contrast between David Graham Phillips's sensational series "The Treason of the Senate" in Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* and the earlier sober studies of Ida M. Tarbell on the trusts and tariffs, Lincoln Steffens on city bossism, and Ray Stannard Baker on the railroads, steel, the unions, and race.

It was the "Treason" articles that set off T.R.'s bomb. His resentment at Hearst's attacks was of long standing. The publisher was then riding his own political ambitions high. T.R., with his acute sensitivity to the public mood, grasped the moment when it was safe to put on the brakes. It was in the spring before the Congressional elections of 1906 that T.R. turned from reform to support the party: he needed the votes and the support of the interests behind them.

T.R.'s tirade gave respectability for the new press agents of the interests to discredit reform and discourage magazine editors, some of them getting older and tired of agitation that had carried them further by its own momentum than they ever meant to go. Sam McClure was not risking profits for reform. *Collier's* needed the advertising. The rising power of advertising was ruthlessly used to boycott and intimidate editors to lay off business.

The Muckrakers, wearing this label as an accolade, turned to new success in fiction and biography. But in large measure it may be said that they had prepared America for the twentieth century.

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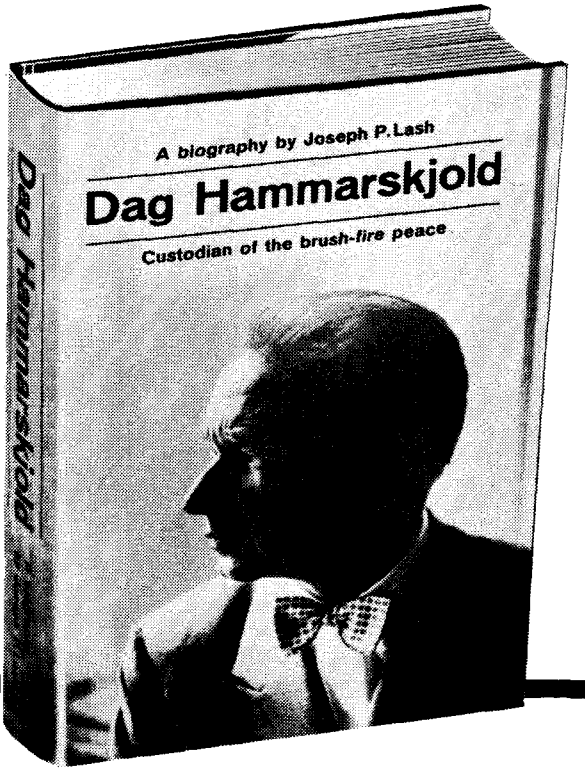

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